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The Listener

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J. Allan Cash

In this number:

The World and the Observer (Bertrand Russell, O.M.)
Does Art Obscure Truth in History? (R. W. K. Hinton)
America versus 'Subtopia' (Basil Taylor)



February

Seldom nowadays does anyone call a boy 'a young turk' and another ancient calumny would thus seem to be on its way out. The *Terrible Turk*, however, is quite another matter. This was a gentleman named Madrali, whose right to the adjective was fairly established by the devastating skill with which he locked, scissored, chancery'd and threw his opponents in the wrestling ring. One wonders what would have been the outcome, could he have been matched with that most famous wrestler of ancient times, Milo of Croton. But some 25 centuries separate the two and the speculation is idle. More profitable is it to remember that, if ever you find yourself wrestling with some intractable problem of business or finance, the Midland Bank will gladly come to your rescue—which is more than anyone ever did for the opponents of the *Terrible Turk*.

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Thursday February 6 1958

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The World and the Observer

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, O.M.

IT is obvious that what we believe ourselves to know about the world is based partly on observation and partly on inference from what we observe. Unfortunately there are difficulties both as to observation and as to inference. Physics, for reasons which are substantial though not demonstrative, leads to the view that material objects are not what they seem, so that observation does not yield quite the kind of certainty that common sense supposes. Inferences from what we observe to what we cannot observe—for instance, the centre of the earth or the other side of the moon—are such as make their conclusions only probable, even when the premisses are true and the reasoning correct. I think that the resulting problems should be dealt with by methods more analogous to those of science than to those of philosophy. I propose to offer a theory which seems to me to resolve some traditional perplexities. But I must confess that this theory is personal, and has not met with favour from other philosophers, though men of science are more inclined to agree with it.

I am, for the present, only endeavouring to state the view, not to give the reasons which have led me to it. I will, however, say this much by way of preface: it is a view which results from a synthesis of four different sciences—namely, physics, physiology, psychology, and mathematical logic. Mathematical logic is used in creating structures having assigned properties out of elements that have much less mathematical smoothness. I reverse the process which has been common in philosophy since Kant. It has been common among philosophers to begin with how we know and proceed afterwards to what we know. I think this a mistake, because knowing how we know is one small department of knowing what we know.

I think it a mistake for another reason: it tends to give to knowing a cosmic importance which it by no means deserves, and

thus prepares the philosophical student for the belief that mind has some kind of supremacy over the non-mental universe, or even that the non-mental universe is nothing but a nightmare dreamt by mind in its un-philosophical moments. This point of view is completely remote from my imaginative picture of the cosmos. I accept without qualification the view that results from astronomy and geology, from which it would appear that there is no evidence of anything mental except in a tiny fragment of space-time, and that the great processes of nebular and stellar evolution proceed according to laws in which mind plays no part.

If this initial bias is accepted, it is obviously to theoretical physics that we must first look for an understanding of the major processes in the history of the universe. Unfortunately, theoretical physics no longer speaks with that splendid dogmatic clarity that it enjoyed in the seventeenth century. Newton works with four fundamental concepts: space, time, matter, and force. All four have been swept into limbo by modern physicists. Space and time, for Newton, were solid, independent things. They have been replaced by space-time, which is not substantial but only a system of relations. Matter has had to be replaced by series of events. Force, which was the first of the Newtonian concepts to be abandoned, has been replaced by energy; and energy turns out to be indistinguishable from the pale ghost which is all that remains of matter. Cause, which was the philosophical form of what physicists called force, has also become decrepit. I will not admit that it is dead, but it has nothing like the vigour of its earlier days.

For all these reasons, what modern physics has to say is somewhat confused. Nevertheless, we are bound to believe it on pain of death. If there were any community which rejected the doctrines of modern physics, physicists employed by hostile governments would have no difficulty in exterminating it. The modern physicist,

therefore, enjoys powers far exceeding those of the Inquisition in its palmiest days, and it certainly behaves us to treat his pronouncements with due awe. For my part, I have no doubt that, although progressive changes are to be expected in physics, the present doctrines are likely to be nearer to the truth than any rival doctrines now before the world. Science is at no moment quite right, but it is seldom quite wrong, and has, as a rule, a better chance of being right than the theories of the unscientific. It is, therefore, rational to accept it hypothetically.

Information from Theoretical Physics

It is not always realised how exceedingly abstract is the information that theoretical physics has to give. It lays down certain fundamental equations which enable it to deal with the logical structure of events, while leaving it completely unknown what is the intrinsic character of the events that have the structure. We only know the intrinsic character of events when they happen to us. Nothing whatever in theoretical physics enables us to say anything about the intrinsic character of events elsewhere. They may be just like the events that happen to us, or they may be totally different in strictly unimaginable ways. All that physics gives us is certain equations giving abstract properties of their changes. But as to what it is that changes, and what it changes from and to—as to this, physics is silent.

The next step is an approximation to perception, but without passing beyond the realm of physics. A photographic plate exposed to a portion of the night sky takes photographs of separate stars. Given similar photographic plates and atmospheric conditions, different photographs of the same portion of the sky will be closely similar. There must, therefore, be some influence (I am using the vaguest word that I can think of) proceeding from the various stars to the various photographic plates. Physicists used to think that this influence consisted of waves, but now they think that it consists of little bundles of energy called photons. They know how fast a photon travels and in what manner it will, on occasion, deviate from a rectilinear path. When it hits a photographic plate it is transformed into energy of a different kind. Since each separate star gets itself photographed, and since it can be photographed anywhere on a clear night where there is an unimpeded view of the sky, there must be something happening, at each place where it can be photographed, that is specially connected with it. It follows that the atmosphere at night contains everywhere as many separable events as there are stars that can be photographed there, and each of these separable events must have some kind of individual history connecting it with the star from which it has come. All this follows from the consideration of different photographic plates exposed to the same night sky.

Or let us take another illustration. Let us imagine a rich cynic, disgusted by the philistinism of theatre-goers, deciding to have a play performed not before live people but before a collection of cine-cameras. The cine-cameras—supposing them all of equal excellence—will produce closely similar records, differing according to the laws of perspective and according to their distance from the stage. This again shows, like the photographic plate, that at each cine-camera a complex of events is occurring at each moment which is closely related to the complex of events occurring on the stage. There is here the same need as before of separable influences proceeding from diverse sources. If, at a given moment, one actor shouts 'Die, varlet!' while another exclaims, 'Help! Murder!', both will be recorded, and therefore something connected with both must be happening at each cine-camera.

The Speech and the Gramophone

To take another illustration: suppose that a speech is recorded simultaneously by a number of gramophones, the gramophone records do not in any obvious way resemble the original speech, and yet, by a suitable mechanism, they can be made to reproduce something exceedingly like it. They must, therefore, have something in common with the speech. But what they have in common can be expressed only in rather abstract language concerning structure. Broadcasting affords an even better illustration of the same process. What intervenes between an orator and a man listening to him on the radio is not, on the face of it, at all similar either to what the orator says or to what the listener hears. Here,

again, we have a causal chain in which the beginning resembles the end, but the intermediate terms, so far as intrinsic qualities are concerned, appear to be of quite a different kind. What is preserved throughout the causal chain, in this case as in that of the gramophone record, is a certain approximate constancy of structure.

These various processes all belong purely to physics. We do not suppose that the cine-cameras have minds, and we should not suppose so even if, by a little ingenuity on the part of their maker, those in the stalls were made to sneer at the moments when those in the pit applauded. What these physical analogies to perception show is that in most places at most times, if not in all places at all times, a vast assemblage of overlapping events is taking place, and that many of these events, at a given place and time, are connected by causal chains with an original event which, by a sort of prolific heredity, has produced offspring more or less similar to itself in a vast number of places.

What sort of picture of the universe do these considerations invite us to construct? I think the answer must proceed by stages differing as to the degree of analysis that has been effected. For present purposes I shall content myself by treating as fundamental the notion of 'event'. I conceive each event as occupying a finite amount of space-time and as overlapping with innumerable other events which occupy partially, but not wholly, the same region of space-time. The mathematician who wishes to operate with point-instants can construct them by means of mathematical logic out of assemblages of overlapping events, but that is only for his technical purposes, which for the moment we may ignore. The events occurring in any given small region of space-time are not unconnected with events occurring elsewhere. On the contrary, if a photographic plate can photograph a certain star, that is because an event is happening at the photographic plate which is connected by what we may call heredity with the star in question. The photographic plate, in turn, if it is photographed, is the origin of a fresh progeny.

Arduous Journey from Abstract to Concrete

In mathematical physics, which is interested only in exceedingly abstract aspects of the matters with which it deals, these various processes appear as paths by which energy travels. It is because mathematical physics is so abstract that its world seems so different from that of our daily life. But the difference is more apparent than real. Suppose you study population statistics, the people who make up the items are deprived of almost all the characteristics of real people before they are recorded in the census. But in this case, because the process of abstraction has not proceeded far, we do not find it very difficult to undo it in imagination. But in the case of mathematical physics, the journey back from the abstract to the concrete is long and arduous, and, out of sheer weariness, we are tempted to rest by the way and endow some semi-abstraction with a concrete reality which it cannot justly claim.

We have seen that, for purely physical reasons, events in many different places and times can often be collected into families proceeding from an original progenitor, as the light from a star proceeds from it in all directions, the successive generations in a single branch of such a family having varying degrees of resemblance to each other according to circumstances. The events which constitute the journey of the light from a star to our atmosphere change slowly and little. That is why it is possible to regard them as the voyage of single entities called photons, which may be thought of as persisting.

But when the light reaches our atmosphere, a series of continually odder and odder things begins to happen to it. It may be stopped or transformed by mist or cloud. It may hit a sheet of water and be reflected or refracted. It may hit a photographic plate and become a black dot of interest to an astronomer. Finally, it may happen to hit a human eye. When this occurs, the results are very complicated. There are a set of events between the eye and the brain which are studied by the physiologist and which have as little resemblance to the photons in the outer world as radio waves have to the orator's speech. At last the disturbance in the nerves, which has been traced by the physiologist, reaches the appropriate region in the brain; and then, at last, the man whose brain it is sees the star. People are puzzled because the

seeing of the star seems so different from the processes that the physiologist discovers in the optic nerve, and yet it is clear that without these processes the man would not see the star.

So there is supposed to be a gulf between mind and matter, and a mystery which it is held in some degree impious to try to dissipate. I believe, for my part, that there is no greater mystery than there is in the transformation by the radio of electromagnetic waves into sounds. I think the mystery is produced by a wrong conception of the physical world and by a Manichaean fear of degrading the mental world to the level of the supposedly inferior world of matter.

An Inferred World

The world of which we have been speaking hitherto is entirely an inferred world. We do not perceive the sort of entities that physics talks of, and, if it is of such entities that the physical world is composed, then we do not see the eye or the optic nerve, for the eye and the optic nerve, equally, if the physicist is to be believed, consist of the odd hypothetical entities with which the theoretical physicist tries to make us familiar. These entities, however, since they owe their credibility to inference, are only defined to the degree that is necessary to make them fulfil their inferential purpose. It is not necessary to suppose that electrons, protons, neutrons, mesons, photons, and the rest have that sort of simple reality that belongs to immediate objects of experience. They have, at best, the sort of reality that belongs to 'London'. 'London' is a convenient word, but every fact which is stated by using this word could be stated, though more cumbrously, without using it.

There is, however, a difference, and an important one, between London and the electrons: we can see the various parts of which London is composed, and, indeed, the parts are more immediately known to us than the whole. In the case of the electron, we do not perceive it and we do not perceive anything that we know to be a constituent of it. We know it only as a hypothetical entity fulfilling certain theoretical purposes. So far as theoretical physics is concerned, anything that fulfils these purposes can be taken to *be* the electron. It may be simple or complex; and, if complex, it may be built out of any components that allow the resultant structure to have the requisite properties. All this applies not only to the inanimate world but, equally, to the eyes and other sense-organs, the nerves, and the brain.

But our world is not wholly a matter of inference. There are things that we know without asking the opinion of men of science. If you are too hot or too cold, you can be perfectly aware of the fact without asking the physicist what heat and cold consist of. When you see other people's faces, you have an experience which is completely indubitable, but which does not consist of seeing the things which theoretical physicists speak of. You see other people's eyes and you believe that they see yours. Your own eyes, as visual objects, belong to the inferred part of the world, though the inference is rendered fairly indubitable by mirrors, photographs, and the testimony of your friends. The inference to your own eyes as visual objects is essentially of the same sort as the physicist's inference to electrons, etc.; and, if you are going to deny validity to the physicist's inferences, you ought also to deny that you know you have visible eyes—which is absurd, as Euclid would say.

Observed Sensations

We may give the name 'data' to all the things of which we are aware without inference. They include all our observed sensations—visual, auditory, tactile, and so on. Common sense sees reason to attribute many of our sensations to causes outside our own bodies. It does not believe that the room in which it is sitting ceases to exist when it shuts its eyes or goes to sleep. It does not believe that its wife and children are mere figments of its imagination. In all this we may agree with common sense; but where it goes wrong is in supposing that inanimate objects resemble, in their intrinsic qualities, the perceptions which they cause. To believe this is as groundless as it would be to suppose that a gramophone record resembles the music that it causes. It is not, however, the difference between the physical world and the world of data that I chiefly wish to emphasise. On the contrary,

it is the possibility of much closer resemblance than physics at first sight suggests that I consider it important to bring to light.

Perhaps I can best make my own views clear by comparing them with those of Leibniz. Leibniz thought that the universe consisted of monads, each of which was a little mind and each of which mirrored the universe. They did this mirroring with varying degrees of inexactness. The best monads had the least confusion in their picture of the universe. Misled by the Aristotelian subject-predicate logic, Leibniz held that monads do not interact and that the fact of their continuing to mirror the same universe is to be explained by a pre-established harmony. This part of his doctrine is totally unacceptable. It is only through the causal action of the outer world upon us that we reflect the world in so far as we do reflect it.

But there are other aspects of his doctrine which are more in agreement with the theory that I wish to advocate. One of the most important of these is as to space. There are for Leibniz (though he was never quite clear on this point) two kinds of space. There is the space in the private world of each monad, which is the space that the monad can come to know by analysing and arranging data without assuming anything beyond data. But there is also another kind of space. The monads, Leibniz tells us, reflect the world each from its own point of view, the differences of points of view being analagous to differences of perspective. The arrangement of the whole assemblage of points of view gives us another kind of space, different from that in the private world of each monad. In this public space, each monad occupies a point or, at any rate, a very small region. Although in its private world there is a private space which from its private point of view is immense, the whole of this immensity shrinks into a tiny pin-point when the monad is placed among other monads. We may call the space in each monad's world of data 'private' space, and the space consisting of the diverse points of view of diverse monads 'physical' space. In so far as monads correctly mirror the world, the geometrical properties of private space will be analogous to those of physical space.

Space-time Order and Causation

Most of this can be applied with little change to exemplify the theory that I wish to advocate. There is space in the world of my perceptions and there is space in physics. The whole of the space in my perceptions, for me as for Leibniz, occupies only a tiny region in physical space. There is, however, an important difference between my theory and that of Leibniz, which has to do with a different conception of causality and with consequences of the theory of relativity. I think that space-time order in the physical world is bound up with causation, and this, in turn, with the irreversibility of physical processes. In classical physics, everything was reversible. If you were to start every bit of matter moving backwards with the same velocity as before, the whole history of the universe would unroll itself backwards. Modern physics, starting from the Second Law of Thermodynamics, has abandoned this view not only in thermodynamics but also elsewhere. Radio-active atoms disintegrate and do not put themselves together again.

Speaking generally, processes in the physical world have a certain direction which makes a distinction between cause and effect that was absent in classical dynamics. I think that the space-time order of the physical world involves this directed causality. It is on this ground that I maintain an opinion which all other philosophers find shocking: namely, that people's thoughts are in their heads. The light from a star travels over intervening space and causes a disturbance in the optic nerve ending in an occurrence in the brain. What I maintain is that the occurrence in the brain is a visual sensation. I maintain, in fact, that the brain consists of thoughts—using 'thought' in its widest sense, as it is used by Descartes. To this people will reply, 'Nonsense! I can see a brain through a microscope, and I can see that it does not consist of thoughts but of matter just as tables and chairs do'.

This is a sheer mistake. What you see when you look at a brain through a microscope is part of your private world. It is the effect in you of a long causal process starting from the brain that you say you are looking at. The brain that you say you are looking at is, no doubt, part of the physical world; but this is

not the brain which is a datum in your experience. *That* brain is a remote effect of the physical brain. And, if the location of events in physical space-time is to be effected, as I maintain, by casual relations, then your precept, which comes after events in the eye and the optic nerve leading into the brain, must be located in your brain.

I may illustrate how I differ from most philosophers by quoting the title of an article by Mr. H. Hudson in *Mind* of April, 1956. His article is entitled, 'Why we cannot witness or observe what goes on "in our heads"'. What I maintain is that we *can* witness or observe what goes on in our heads, and that we cannot witness or observe anything else at all.

We can approach the result by another route. When we were considering the photographic plate which photographs a portion of the starry heavens, we saw that this involves a great multiplicity of occurrences at the photographic plate: namely, at the very least, one for each object that it can photograph. I infer that, in every small region of space-time, there is an immense multiplicity of overlapping events each connected by a causal line to an origin at some earlier time—though, usually, at a very slightly earlier time. A sensitive instrument, such as a photographic plate, placed anywhere, may be said in a sense to 'perceive' the various objects from which these causal lines emanate. We do not use the word 'perceive' unless the instrument in question is a living brain, but that is because those regions which are inhabited by living brains have certain peculiar relations among the events occurring there. The most important of these is memory.

Wherever these peculiar relations exist, we say that there is a percipient. We may define a 'mind' as a collection of events connected with each other by memory-chains backwards and forwards. We know about one such collection of events—namely, that constituting ourself—more intimately and directly than we know about anything else in the world. In regard to what happens to ourself, we know not only abstract logical structure but also qualities—by which I mean what characterises sounds as opposed to colours, or red as opposed to green. This is the sort of thing which we cannot know where the physical world is concerned.

There are three key points in the above theory. The first is that the entities that occur in mathematical physics are not part of the stuff of the world, but are constructions composed of events and taken as units for the convenience of the mathematician. The second is that the whole of what we perceive without inference belongs to our private world. In this respect, I agree with Berkeley. The starry heaven that we know in visual sensation is inside us. The external starry heaven that we believe in is inferred. The third point is that the causal lines which enable us to be aware of a diversity of objects, though there are some such lines everywhere, are apt to peter out like rivers in the sand. That is why we do not at all times perceive everything.

I do not pretend that the above theory can be proved. What I contend is that, like the theories of physics, it cannot be disproved, and gives an answer to many problems which older theorists have found puzzling. I do not think that any prudent person will claim more than this for any theory.

—Third Programme

Where Patience Wins Successes

ALISTAIR COOKE on the work of the United Nations today

GOING down-town in the subway, rather early in the day for me, I was surprised to find a certain man holding on to the iron strap and jogging and shaking round the bends, just like the rest of us. I know that it would be no surprise to meet anyone in a London tube, whether he was a novelist, a cigar merchant, or, I imagine, even a Cabinet Minister; so, perhaps I am taking the edge off my story before I have told it. But until lately New York's subways were villainously furnished: they were lit with dim bulbs; the seats were hard and rudimentary, like those in Spanish trains; the stations themselves looked like those murky and smelly caverns through which Mr. Hitchcock arranges to have his desperadoes escape with the plans for Beelzebub—the latest and most lethal of the guided missiles.

Mayor Wagner has done a great deal for our city in his unfussy, professional way, and it may be that the subway will be his finest memorial. They are now well lit; some of them, in summer, are even air-conditioned. And on the stations themselves he has done a Herculean job: the stables have been cleaned up. But you still confront something which all Americans, and foreigners alike, maybe ought to have to confront from time to time, which is the recognition that America is still a gamey and challenging melting-pot of many races, many shapes of human face and body, many elements that have agreed to observe, in public at least, a watchful truce. The day may come when the democracy of New York will be as thoroughly represented in the people who travel by tube as the democracy of London is now. But not yet.

The man I found myself next to was a young man—perhaps I ought to say a 'younger' man; his hair was lapped with grey; his eyes were tired and tolerant; his right hand was holding on to the strap; his left hand carried a brief-case. It was twenty minutes to nine; at nine o'clock he would say 'good morning' to a secretary, and he would look over the morning mail: and he would swivel in his chair and watch a barge sliding up the East River, and he would say—as many thousands of men were saying at that moment—'Many thanks for your letter of the twenty-first. I am sorry that . . .'

I had not seen this man for more than, I think, about twice in

twelve years, and frankly he was a little run-down. Twelve years ago, in San Francisco, his hair swept more dashingly from his forehead; his eyes had a sparkle; he was one of the advance guard of the world of tomorrow; the good, clean, fair, tolerant world that we all sigh for. He was, to be exact, a delegate, an adviser to the organising conference of the United Nations at San Francisco. Today he is a valued member of the Secretariat. So why should I be so condescending about him? Why should I shed a patronising tear and think he is run-down?

I cannot exactly say why, but it is a fact that I was surprised to see him strap-hanging, and sad to see him greyer and more resigned. In this surprise, which may be childish but is very natural, there is perhaps the root of our disappointment in the United Nations. For the United Nations is a little run-down. In San Francisco there were something like 900 correspondents from every distant place, who came to cheer the arrival of the brave new world. Today, I think, not more than a score of newspapers keep full-time United Nations correspondents. They are not to blame; you see fewer and fewer decisive stories datelined from the United Nations. Because the United Nations is an onlooker, rendered impotent, not—as some people think—because it is unreal and soft in the head, but because power in this world is hard in the bone and nerve.

From the very beginning the United Nations admitted in its Charter that its power to order, to force decisions on its members, would be no greater than the strength of good feeling between what we then called the Big Five—Russia, the United States, the United Kingdom, France, and China. Soon it began to be obvious that at least two of the big Five, France and China, were not big at all. We now know that the health of the United Nations and its power to enforce any law or change that its members may recommend depend on the agreement of the two mammoths, the Soviet Union and the United States.

So all talk of modifying the veto in the Security Council has to face the fact that both these Powers must voluntarily refuse to use it. The United States, by the way, has never used it. The Russians have used it eighty-two times. We recognised—seven, eight years ago—that the grip of the veto was strangling the

United Nations, and Mr. Dean Acheson, who was then the American Secretary of State, invented a way out. It was the so-called 'United Action for Peace Resolution'. The Americans, the British, Western Europe, the Latin-American Republics managed to push this resolution through the Assembly, which is the debating society of all the members—that is it can discuss anything but it has no power to do anything about it. This resolution said that any seven out of the eleven members of the Security Council, where the veto lies but never sleeps, could call an emergency session of the Assembly, and that such an Assembly could recommend military action or urge its members to boycott, to punish in one way or another, a member it had condemned. Without this way round the Security Council, the United Nations could not have again formed an international army, and it could not have registered its judgement on Korea, Suez, or Hungary. It might, in fact, have died.

Unfortunately, the Russians said that this Acheson plan, which is now part of the United Nations regular behaviour, was a monster at its birth and they have never recognised it as legitimate. Perhaps we were misled in San Francisco. We looked on the young United Nations as a splendid, terrible, swift sword, which would descend impartially on the strong and the weak when they sinned. If, back then, I had guessed at the sort of letters that my strap-hanging friend would dictate, I should have dreamed of something like this: 'Excellency, in the name of the United Nations I must demand your instant surrender; the forfeiture of all arms; the abdication of your detested dictator, and the immediate formation of a Council drawn from all political and religious groups, to supervise free elections'. Instead, he swivels in his chair and he dictates: 'Thank you for your letter of the twenty-first. I am sorry that you do not find it feasible to remit your quarterly contribution to the fund for the rehabilitation of the Gaza refugees. However, may we hope that when economic conditions in your country warrant . . . etc.'

We expect the United Nations to be an avenging angel, and we find it sitting by a filing cabinet on the East River, writing memoranda. The Secretariat of the U.N. and the staffs of the eighty-two nations who belong to it go to their work, in fact, much as greengrocers and bank clerks do.

I find that this sort of disappointment in the United Nations is widespread, and I should like to say that I think it is an attitude of disappointed sentimentality. It assumes a Hollywood view of diplomacy: the notion that corrupt regimes will fall and wrongs will be righted all round the world by swift and gaudy means, to the accompaniment of trumpets. Whenever diplomacy has been able to stop a war, or start one, overnight in this dramatic fashion, it has been during a time when one nation—Rome, in its day; Spain in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Britain in the nineteenth—was more or less the master power of the world. Now there is no one master; there are two. Now, also, the whole world has come to reject the old Roman tradition of slavery. The idea of equality and independence, which set the French and the Americans agog at the end of the eighteenth

century, has spread even to ignorant millions who never asked more than alms from the rich, a pot of rice from a war lord, a fishing treaty from a colonial master.

If the United Nations were a complete success and there was never a serious threat of war anywhere, its work would still be enormously complicated but it would be also just as humdrum as that of my strap-hanging friend. Indeed, we have reached the point where some of the most splendid work the United Nations does is in removing those very tedious technical causes of war, like an oppressive tax system, chronic epidemics, the lack of access to certain ports or certain grain cereals. This is what the United Nations means by technical assistance—a dull phrase for a revolutionary conception.

Lately the United Nations has been on the last lap of its crusade to stamp out, everywhere in the world, the enervating and contagious skin disease known as yaws. Seventy per cent. of the population of Haiti had it before the United Nations health people went to work. In a year or two there will be none.

This kind of thing, you may say, is very admirable, very humanitarian, but how about bringing the dictators to heel? Well, as more and more unlikely people hear about free elections, and recognise that power in their countries is the power to keep them under, they revolt. Our newspapers have blazed with the news from Venezuela that General Jimenez had fled from Caracas. The exiled Juan Perón of Argentina would like to be with him, no doubt. But there is no certainty of a peaceful refuge even in the Dominican Republic, for there are stirrings there, and in Cuba, and in other places below the Rio Grande. These are no comic South American revolutions such as Americans, North Americans, tend to chuckle over. The news from Venezuela was received

with great emotion here, and her political exiles were welcomed as distant cousins of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson.

So, for once, we can sound the trumpets. But tomorrow we shall have to put them away. We shall have to look at the facts that revolutions try to cure, or to protest against, with a single gesture of rage: the fact that over a vast continent there are great natural resources in places almost impossible to live in; that immense poverty and a little great wealth are coming slowly but more and more into conflict; that the tradition of freedom and courage is strong in these peoples—peoples who have not often been allowed to develop the institutions that could express it.

The people who stay with these facts, day after day, are not you and I, who cheer when one dictator hits the dust and fume when another one arises. They are the people of the Republics themselves: the resentful students; many philanthropic business men; and the soldiers who dare not assert their independence but bide their time. They are, also, in our town, the daily workers in such branches as technical assistance at the United Nations.

So there is a kind of bravery in a man who goes down to his office every day and tries to meet these facts with the patience and steadfastness of: 'Thank you for your letter of the twenty-first. I am sorry that . . .'
—Home Service



The headquarters of the United Nations, New York: at the right is the Secretariat, in the foreground the Library, and behind it the General Assembly hall

A Gamble on Prosperity

ANDREW SHONFIELD on the European free trade area

THE whole conception of a European free trade area is a gamble on continuing prosperity. If we find ourselves in a period of economic stagnation, like the nineteen-thirties, free trade would simply mean sharing out a static or diminishing quantity of business among fewer efficient enterprises. Their very efficiency would ensure that they would need fewer people to produce the same amount of output as before; so that the final effect would be to increase unemployment at a time when jobs were already scarce. It is extremely doubtful whether governments, and the voters who elect them, would regard the act of choking a number of inefficient enterprises to death as a worthy end in itself. Moreover, since the most efficient enterprises which capture the market would very likely be concentrated in particular countries, the whole process would be bitterly resisted by the trade unions as a method of exporting unemployment across national frontiers.

Speeding Up Economic Expansion

They would, in my view, be right to resist it. After all, the point of European free trade is to speed up the process of economic expansion, to produce more and more goods with less effort, because international competition will give the advantage to the plant with the lowest costs. But if we get back to the situation of the nineteen-thirties, where the overwhelming pre-occupation is to find employment for idle energies, human and material, a totally different order of ideas applies. In those circumstances, a government bent on reviving production by artificial means might well find that it raised its costs and prices above the level of its competitors, which are content to stick in the mud. It would have to defend itself against their competition. Gradually, the Western world would then be driven back to the techniques of managed markets, locked frontiers, bilateral trade agreements, tariffs, preferences, and all the rest. These would suddenly become the blessed instruments of survival.

As I tried to show in my first talk*, imperial preference was the proper and wholly admirable device for the conditions of the nineteen-thirties, just as a European free trade system is the way of taking the maximum advantage of the great industrial expansion of the post-war world. I do not mean that in making our choice we have to abandon imperial preference altogether. But, if we push on with the free trade scheme, we must cease to rely on it as a fundamental support. Indeed, I think that Britain and also several other members of the Commonwealth, who have no direct interest in the European project, have already done precisely this. These Commonwealth countries have turned their backs on the traditional pattern of trade, in which they exchanged their exports of primary commodities for imports of manufactured goods; and in doing so they have also taken a gamble on continuing world prosperity. Certainly, a return to the conditions of the pre-war slump, or anything resembling them, would make their development plans in their present form impossible. The undeveloped countries would probably be driven back to communist techniques as the only means of rapid industrialisation.

The gamble which we have undertaken is worth examining afresh at this moment because two of the basic assumptions which appeared to justify it in recent years have now come under active questioning. These assumptions are, first, that economic expansion in the world's biggest industrial and trading country—the United States—will continue; and, second, that the trade of the rest of the world will not be disrupted by an unmanageable dollar problem. We have come to take both of these things for granted during the nineteen-fifties. A decade ago the dollar problem looked so fearsome that many people believed that it would take the rest of the century to solve it. Yet from 1952 onwards the non-dollar world has earned a large surplus from the United States in almost every year, and has been adding billions of dollars

to its hard currency reserves. At the same time, the American market, particularly the market for the manufactured goods exported by Western Europe, has been expanding very fast. In fact, it has been second only to the Western European market itself as an outlet for industrial exports. The dramatic increase in the shipments of small cars westwards across the Atlantic, now well over 100,000 of them a year, is only the latest illustration of what has been happening for some time past. For Britain, the United States has now grown into the biggest single export market, more important than any Commonwealth country. If the present business recession in America continues, there will certainly be no further growth of exports from Europe to the United States, and they will probably contract. A sharp reversal of this kind, which has already hit the primary producing countries—always the first to suffer—would hurt Western Europe more today than it would have done a few years ago.

Part of our difficulty today lies in the fact that Western Europe got used to the idea of the disappearance of the dollar gap rather too easily and quickly. Governments have been getting rid of the dollar import restrictions that were imposed after the war to save hard currencies. Partly because of this, and also because of the big American cut-price sales of surplus foods, the world as a whole has been buying more goods from the United States, just at a time when the opportunities for selling there are becoming less.

In fact, we only managed to close the dollar gap during the early nineteen-fifties because, after the Korean war, the Americans started to keep large garrisons of troops abroad. This cost a great deal of money, paid for in dollars, which went to the countries where the troops were stationed. From our point of view it was like the benefit of a vast and permanent tourist trade. At first, most of this money went to swell the gold and dollar reserves of the European countries. One of the reasons why these countries were prepared to take the risk of the liberal trading policies, which they have pursued so vigorously with one another in the nineteen-fifties, was that their hard currency reserves had become fairly comfortable. The European Payments Union, which supplied the financial machinery for the expansion of trade in Western Europe, depended essentially on the willingness of members to pay part of a deficit incurred in trading with one another in dollar currencies. Dollars, in fact, were no longer so precious.

American Recession to World Depression?

Here, indeed, is the most serious secondary threat that might come from an American business recession if it continued for any length of time. Once dollars became seriously short again, the danger is that countries outside the dollar area, particularly in Europe, would no longer be ready to take the risks necessary to expand trade with one another. They would all be busy hugging their diminishing gold reserves. This is precisely the position of Britain today: repeated on an international scale, our policy of putting the gold reserve absolutely first, and refusing to take any risks, is the perfect formula for turning an American recession into a world depression. This is one of the reasons why the present situation seems so much more precarious than the last American recession in 1953-54. The surplus, which Western Europe earned then and tucked away, is now being spent on dollar goods; and Britain, the country which would normally be expected to give the lead to the non-dollar world, is in no mood for boldness of the kind that might involve any fall, however slight, in the gold reserve.

It might seem, therefore, that if 1958 does turn out to be the year in which our assumptions about mid-twentieth-century prosperity are subjected to their first serious test, they will probably be shown to be hollow. But I confess that, in spite of the apparent odds against prosperity, I do not myself take quite this gloomy view. The risks are there; and my optimism is partly based on the

* Printed in THE LISTENER of January 23. Two further talks are to be given by Mr. Shonfield

fact that the statesmen of Western countries know them, and they also know that the stakes for which they are playing are extremely high. Moreover, so long as the American recession is of fairly short duration, the collective effort required of Western statesmanship is certainly not beyond its spiritual means. We have one important financial asset in the non-dollar world today—that our monetary reserves taken as a whole are considerably larger than a few years ago. They could provide just the kind of buffer that is needed in order to allow Europe to continue to expand—and with it the rest of the world which is so dependent on trade with Europe—while the United States has one of its short and annoying breathers. But that does mean that the European countries have to be prepared to lose a fair amount of their gold in the course of the exercise. Britain, as we have seen, has too little, and is not prepared to play.

So, to cut rapidly through to the end of the argument, one is led to the conclusion that the onus of economic leadership in Europe, during this critical year, will rest chiefly on Germany—the country with a more than ample gold reserve, much the biggest in Western Europe, and an embarrassingly large trade surplus. If the Germans are prepared to extend large-scale credits

to their neighbours, with the aim of keeping the momentum of intra-European trade during the coming year, the situation can be saved. What I am suggesting is that the Germans should, in effect, temporarily share out their gold reserve among the countries trading with her. That would be the practical significance of a policy of granting credits in Europe. However, to make a success of this policy, it would have to be backed by a conscious effort on the part of the United States to attenuate the world's dollar problem—by means of increased aid, loans, and investments abroad.

Some of these things are evidently in the minds of the Eisenhower Administration already. But however much goodwill there may be, the new spirit in Europe will not stand up to the strain of a prolonged American recession, even one which is moderately prolonged. If we find during 1958 and 1959 that we have to regard economic stagnation as a normal, if intermittent, feature of the world that we live in, then goodbye to the European free trade area. We would not be able to afford to plan for expansion. So the final prayer to the Americans is the plea that one makes inwardly to the after-dinner speaker who gets up to talk a little before one's last train is due to go: 'Make it short!'

—General Overseas Service

The Fantastic Transformation of Hong Kong

By WILLIAM TEELING, M.P.

WHEN I decided to go to both Hong Kong and Malta last month, I thought that I would be able to make an interesting comparison between the way the two Colonies are facing the closing of their dockyards. But they are not really comparable.

Malta has 15,000 dockers and no other worth-while industry and, having a parliament with Government and Opposition, has a political approach to it, plus a solution in migration: whereas Hong Kong loses only 5,000 dockers, has no parliament to bedevil the issue and, far from being able to send out migrants, has people pouring in each day both legally and illegally.

Naturally much shaken and battered by the Japanese occupation, Hong Kong faced her future in 1945 with a population of about 800,000 people. Today, twelve years later, her population is just under 3,000,000, and it is only a small island with a strip of mainland, about the size of the Isle of Wight. Moreover, at the present moment about 125 people a day are calculated to be slipping illegally into the island from Red China. Many pay Scarlet Pimpernel organisations in nearby Macao who guarantee for 100 Hong Kong dollars (which is about £7) to get them in, and then they just refuse to go back to Communism.

This means that in three years' time at that rate there will be nearly another 1,000,000 people in Hong Kong. It all sounds fantastic and must give the local Government some headaches.

It all started when the Nationalists began to escape from the advancing Communists in 1949. The first people to come over were military officers, intellectuals, and capitalists. The Hong Kong Government thought that they would be there only temporarily and gave them a piece of land far from the city, leaving them there to regulate their own affairs. The place is called Rennie Mills, a disused factory site. These people never went back: some went to Formosa but the majority remained and were soon followed by others. Today that colony within a Colony consists of over 8,000 people, who receive a regular financial allowance from the Nationalist Government in Formosa and from the same source regular supplies of rice and other food. Missionaries have moved in, especially Belgian and American, and they provide schools, welfare, and the cinema. I visited the colony by launch: there is no road yet, only a well-used track over the hills. The Nationalist flag is everywhere and pictures of Chiang Kai-shek and Sun Yat-sen.

But this is only a small problem for the Government. The main worry is what to do with the 2,000,000 other refugees; and, now, how to find work for the 5,000 dockers. For the latter, a Welfare Board has been set up and as they are discharged over the next two years government work is being found for them.

This is not too difficult, as the vast increase in population means, naturally enough, increasing government work as well.

Then, again, the docks were in the very centre of Hong Kong, making the traffic bottleneck insufferable. This now goes, and new roads will be laid out and, most important of all, new housing estates will be able to go up. Here, also, the Government, the local council, and local organisations are doing wonders. I visited one superb block just put up. It houses 2,000 families, and another is going up almost at once to hold 8,000 families. All sorts of the latest inventions to make life bearable in these blocks in a hot climate are being installed and all at what would be half the price in England.

To find work is also a problem, but Hong Kong is a Free Port and, although trade is not so good this year as last, it flourishes, and Chinese families are amazing in the way they help each other. What also is a great help is the money pouring in from the overseas Chinese in San Francisco, New York, Singapore, and the Philippines, to name but a few areas. A little of this goes to Red China though more and more is going to Formosa where the Government, in return, is promising the United Nations to take an ever-increasing flow of the refugees who pass through Hong Kong—but the bulk of the money remains in Hong Kong. I believe in the last year well over 250,000,000 American dollars—that is to say, about £100,000,000—have reached Hong Kong this way. It all shows an amazing faith and pride amongst the non-Red overseas Chinese in the future of Hong Kong; that when we are taking our navy and defence forces away, they are still opening up new industries to help their fellow-countrymen. They argue that Hong Kong will never be allowed to fall to Red China as long as the American Seventh Fleet is off the coast of China and as long as Formosa has an armed force as strong as at present.

Naturally, with all this migration, Communists filter in as well and Communist money also, and there are many Communists in Hong Kong getting into the unions and trying, where possible, to cause trouble. Sometimes they succeed in the more thickly populated districts but on the whole they are failing and the Colony moves steadily from strength to strength, although it must be admitted that the closing down of the docks is being made the most of by the Communists, who try to riot and may well yet be a rather ticklish problem.

But, on the whole, the Chinese populace is anti-Communist. It is a miracle that no disease breaks out, as water is obtainable only from 5 a.m. to 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. But, after all, what is that compared with the freedom of which they see so little when they look across the border towards Canton?

—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

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Why History?

HISTORY, said Lord Bolingbroke, 'is philosophy teaching by examples'. However, it is fairly safe to say that the majority of professional historians today would not accept his opinion. Mr. R. W. K. Hinton has recently broadcast a talk (published on another page) in which he instances various philosophical interpretations of history and describes them as models that may obscure the truth. There have been historians who interpret history in terms of progress; a cyclical interpretation has been popularised by Dr. Toynbee; others hold a Marxist view or offer a more refined economic interpretation; finally there are those who see history as God's judgements manifesting themselves. Naturally it is illegitimate to offer a view of historical development based on preconceived ideas. If one is born, as W. S. Gilbert suggested, a 'little Liberal'—or, as is probably commoner these days, a 'little Marxist'—and then translates historical events automatically in terms of Liberalism or Marxism, many people would assert that one was being unhistorical. But, outside those countries where Marxism has become a dogma, how many historians of standing do that? If they see a pattern in history, it is because they have become convinced by study that it is there to be seen.

One has to consider what alternative method exists of presenting history in its broadest sense. Should one merely stick to chronology? But then chronology itself is a pattern or model. Should we be content simply to say that events follow one another? As Lord Russell observes in another talk that we publish this week, cause has become decrepit, even if it is not dead. Is the only satisfactory history the kind of records set out in *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*? But to admit that would be self-stultifying.

The historian has to select the facts that he regards as being significant. That is where he comes in, not so much as an artist, but as a philosopher. He can never be a pure analytical scientist. He deals with human motives and he finds it extremely hard not to avoid judging them. The cynic may say that the only lesson one can learn from history is that there are no lessons to be learned from history. But is this a common-sense view? The historian surely has to set out a pattern of events, of human motives, and human mistakes as he sees them. And the readers of history are capable of drawing lessons from it, if they are willing to do so. If Hitler failed to draw the right conclusions from Napoleon's invasion of Russia or, equally, from the failure of Napoleon's plan to invade England without control of the sea, then Hitler paid the price for his arrogance. To say that no patterns can be detected in history and that no lessons may be learned from it is to invite the retort: 'then why study it at all?' Better to stick to physics and think only of the future of mankind.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on America's earth satellite

IN MOSCOW the Soviet News Agency, Tass, opened its radio service on February 1 with a New York despatch reporting the launching of the American earth satellite. *Pravda* said the American achievement, together with the success of the two Soviet sputniks, was a good basis for international scientific co-operation. Communist newspapers in East Germany stressed the fact that the first sputnik was sent up four months ago, and they christened the American satellite *Spätnik*—a German play on words meaning 'latecomer'.

Broadcasting on Moscow home service before this event, on January 26, Alexei Leontyev portrayed Mr. Dulles as orbiting the earth, in the absence of a U.S. satellite, 'to stir up war hysteria and to intensify the arms race and preparations for a new war'. The 'American imperialists', having failed to get what they wanted in Paris, had now taken their Nato allies by the throat to compel them to consent to the siting of rocket installations, while efforts were being made to turn the Near and Middle East into 'an arsenal of lethal weapons', for which purpose the Baghdad Pact meeting in Ankara was held.

In China, *Ta Kung Pao* was quoted as saying on January 28 that the U.S.A. would have a hard time patching up the obvious fissures within the Baghdad Pact bloc; the declaration by Iraq that it was not committed to the establishment of United States rocket bases on its territory was 'a slap in the face' for Mr. Dulles, and Iran's expressed unwillingness to become an anti-Soviet base had compelled Mr. Dulles to make a detour to Teheran on his way to Ankara.

The Western replies to Marshal Bulganin were criticised in detail in a *Pravda* article reproduced by Moscow radio on January 30, in which 'Observer' contrasted their protestations of 'peaceful intentions' with 'the practical results of the positions-of-strength policy, the creation of aggressive military blocs, the arms race, the string of military bases . . . and the inflated war propaganda'. President Eisenhower's suggestions that 'changing the social system of the European peoples' democracies' and German unity 'or the liquidation of the German Democratic Republic' should be discussed were quite unacceptable. *Izvestia* wrote:

The time has come to realise that the existence of Socialist countries has long since been decided by history . . . The time has come to give up attempts to alter the *status quo* by force and to abandon the notorious 'policy of strength'.

The recent British success with Zeta was reported in the Communist-world with little comment; most radio stations in the area broadcast factual summaries of the official statement and of Sir John Cockcroft's press statement. But Prague radio did say:

The results of tests with controlled thermonuclear reactions were first made public in a lecture by the Soviet Academician Kurkhatov on April 25, 1956, at Harwell, during the visit of the Soviet Government delegation . . . The tests described by Professor Cockcroft are basically analogous to those reported by Academician Kurkhatov. This achievement must be regarded as a marked success for Soviet and British [*sic*] research work . . .

The Hungarian home service told its listeners that British scientists had 'succeeded in obtaining certain results' in utilising the energy of the hydrogen atom, and referred to the 'almost frenzied enthusiasm' of the British press reports and their admission that 'at least twenty years of research will be necessary before the practical fruits of this discovery are reaped'.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power was discreetly recalled in the West German press with a minimum of comment. The *Kölnische Rundschau* said the German people had learnt a lesson from Hitlerism and defeat, but the old dual threat to the state from Hitler and from Communism had been replaced by the constant and all-pervading Soviet danger in the form of military threats, subversion, and espionage. In Poland *Trybunna Ludu* remarked that on the anniversary Poles were anxiously watching 'the successors of the Brown Chancellor, his former Army commanders, murderers of millions of people', who take advantage of their liberty and openly proclaim slogans of revenge, revisionism, and chauvinism.

Did You Hear That?

RESTORING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

SEVENTEEN YEARS after St. Paul's Cathedral was damaged by enemy bombers, artists and craftsmen are hard at work completing the restoration and reconstruction in time for services of dedication in May, June, and November. ANGUS McDERMID, a B.B.C. reporter, visited the cathedral for 'The Eye-witness', to see some of the valuable wrought-iron work, which was removed during the war, being replaced.

'The less bulky of the cathedral treasures', he said, 'the gold and silver communion plate and the medieval muniments, the documents, books, and records from the library, were taken with other national treasures to the great war-time underground storehouse in the mountain side near Blaenau Ffestiniog in North Wales. But the real treasure of St. Paul's lies in its actual fabric, and little of this was readily movable, though most of it, mercifully, escaped complete destruction. The massive woodwork of Grinling Gibbons, for instance, still remains to us, shattered and charred by scores of incendiary and high explosive bombs, but capable of restoration. The church authorities were able to remove some of the cathedral's wrought-iron work, designed and executed by the French artist iron-worker Jean Tijou. Little is known of Tijou, but he worked under Wren at the cathedral from 1691 until 1712, when he returned to France for some reason—a disappointed man.

'Tijou is described as having strong features, a heavy moustache, and a forbidding expression, but his delicate tracery in twisted iron, his brightly beaten and intricately cast brass, show that, whatever his personal attributes, he was a master of his art. His work, which may be seen at Greenwich Hospital and Hampton Court as well as in many unexpected corners of the cathedral, is regarded as among the best of the adornments of the Wren masterpiece.

'A contemporary describes him at work, probably in the crypt "in a long coat and cravat, with hair tied behind, adjusting a leaf to an iron bar", and it is there, just as lovingly, that today's craftsmen are restoring Tijou's altar screen. Stripped and repainted, the scrolls, the cherubs, and the crossed swords of the Dean and Chapter's coat-of-arms are as fine as ever. It is scarcely rusted or corroded. The screen spent the war years at Lord Rosebery's racing stable at Mentmore in Buckinghamshire, preserved in linseed oil. For some years it has been stored in the crypt, and the sections are now being reassembled.

'I watched one craftsman applying paint and gold leaf to one of the sections. Another was repairing one of the cast figures of the twelve apostles, which form the screen's motif. The screen weighs several tons; it is about eighty feet long and eight or nine feet high, so the task is unusually heavy for this type of work. But the screen will be ready and in place on either side of the new canopied high altar by next May.

'I thought that perhaps this highly specialised work—as well

as that on the woodwork and the carved stone—might have been hampered by a shortage of skilled craftsmen, but Mr. C. A. Linge, the Clerk of the Works, reassured me. "The craftsmen are there", he said. "If you set them a task which will use their talents they will rise to it".'

EARLY MORNING WRITER

Speaking in 'Today' about writing in the early morning, J. I. M. STEWART, Student and tutor of Christ Church, Oxford, said: 'Does it sound pretty grim and uncompromising to you: the quest for ideas before breakfast, the hunt for the right words

conducted in a chilly dawn? Many people, of course, are up and about early as a regular thing; their job requires it. Even if yours does not, there may be times when—if you are sufficiently strong-willed—you get out the alarm clock, and start early on some personal and practical job: finishing a piece of carpentry in time for a birthday, or decorating a room before a guest comes to stay. But, you may say, writing is surely a different matter. One has to warm up before tackling that. Even if one does not attach an exaggerated importance to the idea of inspiration, it must yet be true that some times are more genial than others; and I cannot believe that before-breakfast time comes high on the list.

'I answer this, first, in a practical way. If one can afford to be a professional writer one can simply experiment until one finds one's own best routine: a couple of hours in the morning and a couple of hours after tea, or a single long spell between breakfast and a late lunch, and so on. But if one is an amateur writer, with a business to run, or school-children to teach, then all that is impracticable luxury. What about the week-end? In France they speak of a *dimanche* writer or painter: one who just gets busy on Sunday. It may work with painting; I do not know. But I am pretty sure it does not often work with writing. While one is on a writing job—any sort of sizeable writing job—a certain amount of continuity seems almost essential.

'For that, first-thing-in-the-morning has advantages. You cannot be delayed in starting as a result of other things taking longer than you expected; you cannot be seduced from your desk by a sociable neighbour, or by the impulse to see a play or film; you are not likely to be interrupted, unless it is by the milkman asking you to pay his bill. It is true that as the hour or couple of hours wears on you are, so to speak, working into noise (the awakening household) instead of into silence, as happens if you sit up late. But that is a small disadvantage when compared with a big consideration the other way.

'It is simply true that in the morning one's mind is fresh, just as the day is fresh. The daily round has not come along and taken the edge off it. Ah, yes—you may say—but I'll be only half-awake. Perhaps so. But that, you see, may possibly be an advantage in itself. Imaginative writing is a queer thing; there is an element of the involuntary and the spontaneous in it that some-



A craftsman at work on the canopy for the high altar in St. Paul's Cathedral

times takes us near the world of sleep and dreams. So a kind of waking consciousness, rather than a broad-awake one, may be a good jumping-off ground for a spell of writing.

'My own experience is that, early in the morning, I can get down stuff that has only just glimmered in my mind earlier. Ideas that are going to be central and important in a book do not have sudden flashes of discovery and recognition then. I get these, when I do get them, when out walking in the afternoon, or in a hot bath at night. But they are just glimmerings: to me, important glimmerings. I think they take body and detail and definition in sleep; and they can, as it were, speak up for themselves fairly boldly and fluently early on the following morning. And that is why, although most writers, no doubt, favour the "lamp at midnight hour", I rather like the grey dawn'.

A CONTRAST IN ALMSHOUSES

'I have often wondered how it is that the English counties have such individual characters', said GEORGE VILLIERS in a General Overseas Service talk. 'How is it that a line drawn on a map can divide people into groups which get a reputation for being thrifty or generous or dour or farseeing?'

'The line round Bedfordshire certainly enclosed people who from the earliest times made rather special provision for their old folk and for their young folk, by building almshouses for the one and schools for the other with a generosity not matched in neighbouring counties. One should not be surprised, therefore, when one sees Bedfordshire today seizing every opportunity to exploit the help given by the Welfare State.

'This has, in Bedfordshire, led to a great contrast between ancient and modern. On the one hand, for instance, almshouses well endowed and consequently well preserved and cared for, and on the other council-owned homes for old people, which in their comfort and appointments can rival most hotels.

'Those who have been to Bedford must surely have seen the Dame Alice Harpur almshouses. They stand—with their twisted Elizabethan chimneys—down a turning from the main street. If you go close you see the little name plates, "Widow Smith", "Widow Jones", and so on, showing you who the present occupants are. I am sure these occupants are in fact under the watchful eye of authority, but there is an air of independence. Each little house seems to stand on its own and the occupant looks after it and herself. Each has her own things round her.

'It is all sharply in contrast with the ultra-modern old folks' home run by the Bedfordshire County Council at Luton. Here is all that is latest in so-called contemporary furniture—floors you cannot slip on, baths you cannot drown in. Rooms are set apart for people who want to be quiet; there is television for others, a dining-room with brightly coloured table tops. The old folk normally sleep three to a room, but there are also double rooms for married couples. Nowhere will you find a sharper contrast than in the two methods of caring for old people—the sixteenth-century almshouses of Dame Alice Harpur and the twentieth-century County Council old folks' home'.

THE SECRET SPEECH OF LIVERPOOL DOCKERS

'The Liverpool dockers', said FRANK SHAW in 'The North-countryman', 'among whom I work, have a speech of their own which, added to our native, nasal Liverpooles, is difficult for the outsider to understand.

'"Lamp Paddy Kelly, he seen you nick the slummy, better whip up the cooey or you're for Joe Gerks". Would you have realised that that meant: "Look out for the policeman, he saw you steal the dunnage, so you had better run up that lane or you'll be for Walton gaol"? Why Walton gaol is called Joe Gerks I don't know, though I can guess why dock policemen are Paddy Kellies. Slummy is dunnage, old rope, junk. There is, in fact, little thieving but the docker is not reluctant to pick up unconsidered trifles—Harry Freemans—when the blockerman is not alert. All foremen are blockermen because they wear blockers (or bowlers), not from wicked pride but for protection from accidentally dropped objects from above, such as hammers. Anyone putting on airs will be ironically asked: "Where's your blocker?"'

'The newcomer to the docks, clutching the hard-won tally, is called a day-old chick, but he soon grows up and gets to know the language. If he is a troublemaker he will be termed a redskin and may have to be disciplined by the port labour official who will sit on his book. If he is an eavesdropper he is a lugger—lugs are ears—and if he carries tales to the boss he's a coat puller.

A smart person is said to "have come over on a razor boat", and of a stupid one they say "his gates is down". There are lots of personal nicknames such as Happy Harry for a disconsolate soul and the Blood Donor for a pale person. Ships and shipping companies have nicknames also: "two of fat and one of lean" for a company whose funnel markings are white, red, white. And even cargoes: what about "Irish confetti" for stone chip-pings?

'Dockers receive a guaranteed sum of about £5 weekly and very often work only three days, being paid for the other three if they sign



The lounge of Rookwood Old People's Home at Luton, Bedfordshire

on at the clearing-house. This is known as "three on the hook and three on the book"; the hook is the general utility tool used when handling cargo. The three days off may also be termed "working for the Queen". Overtime pay is generous, six hours at night counts as twelve—and Sunday pay is "the gold nugget".

'Some of the docks are open on Sundays to the public so that when he is not working on that day, the modern young docker—scorning the old Sunday routine of salt fish for breakfast, drinking and fighting on the Canal Bank—will take his children for what he ironically calls "a country walk around the docks", maybe dodging en route under the not yet dismantled overhead railway or dockers' umbrella.

'But if the modern "dockie" is not as tough as the older generation he still speaks the secret lingo. Here is another instance: "I was scowing, see, on the welt, eating the carrying-out what me judy give me in me growler when me laddo gives me the griffin and I'm away for slates into the cokes". Which, being translated, is: "I was idling during the unofficial resting-time—the welt—"eating the meal the wife" or judy "gave me in my food-tin" or growler "when a certain person warned me" gave the griffin, "so I hurriedly entered the dock cafe". The café or cokes started out in the last century as cocoa rooms opened by philanthropists to woo the dockers from stronger drink. A drink, by the way, is a bevvvy, which is very old thieves' Latin going back to the seventeenth century. Other origins would be worth tracing. Mostly the expressions come from the sea—such as winger for a ship's steward, scratcher for a small ship; more, like the songwriter's mother, come from Ireland, for instance, a queer eel for a dubious character. "Panhandling" for begging food in a ship's galley is American hobo talk'.

Does Art Obscure the Truth?

R. W. K. HINTON on models in history

HISTORY must be one of the most difficult of the arts. I sometimes think it must be the most difficult of all, it is condemned to stick so closely to the truth. The first canon of historical art, without which history would be romance, is that whatever a historian says must be founded on intractable demonstrable fact. Nobody listens to what he has to say if he can be shown to be wrong in his facts. But, also, nobody listens for long unless his facts are significant. A mere chaos of intractable facts, from buying a bus ticket to declaring war, is not history. The art of history is to select and arrange demonstrable facts in a significant shape: and this is where the trouble starts.

Essential Patterns

Patterns are essential to history. We may say they *are* history. One cannot even begin to know anything about the past without some simple pattern like a list of dates. Even in this elementary sort of pattern selection has been hard at work. Another simple pattern is obtained by the use of contrast. When we set Greece against Rome, France against England, the Middle Ages against Modern Times, we begin to feel we understand something rather than just know it. We say that things are beginning to fall into shape. But the historian's job is to explain the reasons for events as well as to describe them, and in the end we need sophisticated patterns involving cause and effect, in other words patterns that throw light on motive.

Patterns that involve cause and effect may be called models. Models are devices for showing how things work, whether it is an election, or a universe, or a revolution, or the whole course of change in the past. History uses models just as science does. The invention and use of effective models is the highest point of historical art.

The use of models in history can easily be traced back to the Renaissance, if not earlier. Machiavelli was giving us a model of the history of states when he said that states

pass from order into confusion and afterwards revert to order again. For the nature of mundane affairs not allowing them to continue in an even course, when they have arrived at their greatest perfection they soon begin to decline. From good they gradually decline to evil, and from evil they return again to good. The reason is that valour produces peace; peace, repose; repose, disorder; disorder, ruin; but from disorder order springs; from order virtue and from this glory and good fortune.

This is a true model because it makes a pattern of change and explains the reasons for it in the same breath. In those days the so-called cyclical models held the field. Toynbee uses a cyclical model today. But nowadays things are usually regarded as naturally going in a straight line; like a tree naturally growing upwards or a bullet if left to itself flying on a straight path for ever and ever, rather than as going round and round in a circle as in the model of Machiavelli; and we commonly use today so-called linear models which describe progress, development, and growth. This is so obvious that it hardly needs saying. It is just worth noticing that fashions change in historical models as in other things.

The question is, do models obscure the truth? It is not a trivial or merely a technical question, because in the end the model is liable to be all the history that people remember. I do not profess to answer it. But one thing can be said with confidence: the simpler and more elegant the model the more effectively it *can* obscure the truth. In history, as in other arts, and likewise as in science, the simplest models are the most elegant and the most persuasive, and the search for the underlying simplicity may be taken for granted. Simple models are easily understood and they account for a wide range of phenomena. In history, the best art produces simple models that account

for the events of many centuries, and these have the greatest influence.

The most famous and influential historical model of recent times has been the whig model of English political progress which describes and explains how the English constitution has evolved and developed from Saxon times to the present day. The whig pattern is a linear one. Its underlying story is the progress of liberty and self-government against the pretensions of kings. The main steps in this progress are those occasions of conflict between king and people when the king made concessions in favour of liberty and self-government which, added together, make the limited monarchy of the present day; the chief of these being Magna Carta, some parliamentary extensions of Magna Carta towards the end of the Middle Ages, an important group of laws to which Charles I consented in 1641 just too late to prevent the civil war, and the revolution of 1688 which finally laid down the main outlines of the constitution as it was known to the whig historians. It was really a remarkable achievement to have reduced a thousand years of history to a few sentences or a few volumes, and one of the reasons why the whig pattern swept the board in the nineteenth century was because it could be condensed for teaching in schools, or for ordinary conversation, as easily as it could be expanded in great tomes of scholarship. It was in fact this pattern that was being taught in schools and universities in the great days of English historical scholarship when history as an academic study was being developed. Those few landmarks marked the path of progress so clearly that no one could lose the way.

Power to Deceive

So far, so good. English history does look like that, if that is the way you look at it. It is when one comes to the question, how it all came about, that one really sees the artistry of the whig interpretation and its power to deceive. This is best seen in Henry Hallam, the judicious Hallam (as Macaulay called him), the classic whig historian who was working early in the nineteenth century. Hallam said: In spite of this progress, our constitution has never changed fundamentally. What it is now, it was essentially in the beginning, namely

one of those mixed or limited monarchies which the Celtic and Gothic tribes appear universally to have established in preference to the coarse despotism of eastern nations, to the more artificial tyranny of Rome and Constantinople, or to the various forms of republican policy which were tried on the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea.

You can identify it as such, he said, in the twilight of our records under the Anglo-Saxons, though primitive and ill-defined. Kings naturally liking power, liable to be corrupted by it and easily tempted to push it beyond the legal limit, have from time to time overlaid and obscured the true constitution with tyranny—for example, the Norman tyranny which lasted 150 years until Magna Carta, and the Tudor and Stuart tyranny which lasted about the same length of time until 1641. But the people never forgot the constitution that was correct: at the first opportunity they would restore it; they would extort a charter or a statute in which the king's power was more precisely limited and the subjects' liberty more definitely secured, and these securities added together made the constitution that Hallam knew.

Thus the process was one of improvement rather than absolute change, and—this is the supreme artistry—the description of the pattern constituted *in itself* an account of the motives of the people who brought it about. For, remembering always the true constitution and going back always to what was correct, they were acting rightly; and, in history as in daily life, right actions call for no special explanation; only the actions of criminals and lunatics are thought to need explanation.

The whig model of improvement thus achieved a wonderful economy, producing a short, simple, consistent, and also flattering story in which what happened and how it happened were described in the same breath. No wonder that it monopolised the study of English history for a hundred years.

But it does obscure the truth. The crucial part of the whig story fell in the seventeenth century, when our constitution was last in turmoil. According to the whigs, the actions of James I and Charles I were illegal—ship money, impositions, monopolies, Star Chamber, and the rest. But there was an awkward fact. The judges, in a series of law cases, had adjudged them to be legal. These cases and the judges' judgements are therefore very important in history, as they were at the time. To hold that the king was transgressing the true constitution and that the people who opposed him were acting rightly—and not only rightly but so obviously rightly that their actions require no further explanation—it was necessary that the judges were equally obviously wrong. Hallam said blithely that they were corrupt or intimidated or both. But this was wrong—at least, as an explanation it was not enough.

Hallam and Jardine

Soon after Hallam had published, Jardine, writing on English law in relation to the use of torture, came across the same legal arguments to justify the use of torture as Hallam's judges had used to justify the king's actions that Hallam regarded as unquestionably illegal. In the case of torture these arguments were universally accepted, and the analogy was so close that this discovery was really very damaging to Hallam. He acknowledged it in later editions in these words:

The historical facts are very well brought together in this essay; but I cannot agree with this highly-intelligent author in considering the use of torture as having been 'lawful as an act of the prerogative though not so by the common and statute law'. The whole tenor of my own views of the constitution forbids my acquiescence in a theory which does, as it seems to me, go the full length of justifying, in a legal sense, the violent proceedings of the crown under all the Plantagenets, Tudors and Stuarts.

This revealing statement was absolutely accurate. Hallam was bound to disagree with the highly intelligent author. Had he accepted the fact that the judges were not obviously wrong—for it is a fact—the whole model of whig history would have collapsed.

The whig historians who followed Hallam well into the present century have all got into difficulties over these judges. The whig model was so beautiful that it lasted a long time, but in the end the judges have defeated them. But I cannot end on the moral that truth will out. The fact is that with the expiry of the whig interpretation because it was found to be wrong in its facts, political history as a whole has gone into decline, for without that wonderful whig model it is hardly intelligible. Fashion now favours economic models, of which Professor Tawney and Professor Trevor-Roper are great exponents for the Tudor and Stuart periods. They relate political changes to changes in the economic standing of classes.

But economic models of political change can never be as simple and clear as a skilful political model, if only because they work on two levels and involve two sets of cause and effect instead of one. You have to explain first what produced the economic change that resulted in a certain set-up of economic facts, and secondly how these economic facts produced their effect in politics. The Marxist model, though classically elegant in conception, can hardly be said to have produced a convincing complete narrative of English history, and this is probably not wholly because of its youth or because of prejudice against it; I think it is partly because of the inherent difficulty in handling two sets of cause and effect over a period as long as a thousand years. This complication will remain even when the demonstrable facts about the economic standing of classes are established beyond dispute, and it will always be very difficult to apply the economic model to the whole course of English history in an outline which is as short and lucid as the whig historians' was. And if this difficulty should ever be overcome, one suspects that it will be somewhat at the expense of the demonstrable facts.

To be most effective, historical models must be exclusive. One recognises the greatness of a work of art, including a history book, by an overall impression of its rightness, in a feeling it produces that that was how it had to be and that one could hardly imagine it to have been otherwise. Two masterpieces cannot be added together to make a third masterpiece, and two historical models cannot be combined in one book without losing the best qualities of both.

The effective historical model carries conviction at the point where it is a question of motive, I mean at the point where people are seen consciously making up their minds what to do; it must show them making decisions for the reasons over a long period, and therefore it can hardly help asserting that one sort of motive is the only sort, or at any rate the only sort that matters. The whigs postulated fairly straightforward political motives; and those who believe that economic factors provide the best explanation can hardly help asserting either the exclusive validity or at least the universal predominance of economic motives. But we know on reflection that in ordinary life, as far as human experience reaches, motives are complicated and difficult. They really will not stand being categorised and monopolised to the extent that a historical model of continuous development requires. It is in attempting to overcome this difficulty that the historian as an artist may be led to distort the facts, and historical models may obscure the truth.

There may be no final solution to this difficulty but at least there is a presumption. The main point is to stop looking for any particular answer to the question of motive. The trouble starts with making a model too rigid and thinking within it too confidently. But it is possible to argue that the whole point of history is to study men, their behaviour, problems, motives, and so on—to explain but not to explain away. In other words, history is a contemplative discipline, and what you ask of your model is an aid to contemplation. It suggests ways of thinking, and questions to ask. It does not satisfy your curiosity, or give any final answer to your questions.

If Hallam, for instance, had studied the seventeenth century and contemplated its procedures, instead of trying to cut them down to his pattern, he would then have been in a position to examine the credentials of his own whig theory. He would have translated the great argument of the seventeenth century to his own generation and challenged some of its dearest assumptions. As art, such history would have been much more exciting; as truth, much more vital. This seems to me much better than the answer of the whigs was, or than the answer of the economists is likely to be—an answer that opens all the questions and keeps them open and alive.

This may help to explain why a really great historian like Acton failed to produce a great historical narrative. He had a clear model of progress in his mind but it would have been impossible to apply it without distortion of fact. Similarly it explains why Maitland, the greatest of all our English historians, is looked up to more and more as time passes. He used his models with a delicacy and lightness of touch that few of us can hope to equal. His work had none of those dogmatic simplifications that capture an audience as soon as they see it, but because it never obscured the truth it survives.—*Third Programme*

In Memory of Dylan Thomas

Once he conked his wife for tearing some flowers.
And once he smiled at me beerily in a bar.
He huffed and puffed his songs in enlivening showers
That blew in flickering forays on leafy schools and far-
Flung, ho-hum, hummingbird-sized towers
Whose rooms of applause seemed like applesauce
And more appreciative of pork than stars.

And yet through train-hoot towns he never baffled,
His songs sound in the skinny woods, wound in snowballs
Thrown by alone repeaters who have raffled
Their love to the summery air, though it be winter.
And found in its cloudless lidding, his voice bidding like
rainbow-falls.

RALPH POMEROY

America versus 'Subtopia'

By BASIL TAYLOR

LAST September Sir Hugh Casson gave a talk in the Home Service which he called 'The Gaps on Main Street'.* Shortly before, he had returned from a visit to the United States and had been impressed by two contradictory experiences: the remarkable vigour and quality of the new American architecture and the squalor and untidiness he found in and around so many American cities. I have recently returned from a similar tour in the United States. And, after it all, I find myself in some disagreement with his conclusions and by no means so depressed as he was. I am going to end this talk by agreeing with him in one large and important particular and I must begin by accepting his basic impressions as my own.

The finest American architecture of the last decade is splendid and exciting. Those gaps on Main Street or those decaying and tawdry fringes to Chicago or Boston or Indianapolis are just as unpleasant, just as fundamentally ugly, as he said they are. I agree about the dumps of used and rusting motor cars which populate the outskirts of every city; I agree about the shanty buildings which, because they were gimcrack and sometimes pretentious when new, are all the more grotesque and uninviting when ruined or decaying. The clutter of odds and ends is not even picturesque as some seem to imagine, however exciting it may look as a pattern in the right kind of photograph.

In describing these conditions Sir Hugh used a familiar word, Subtopia, and I take it he believed that the United States would benefit from the kind of campaign which is being conducted here

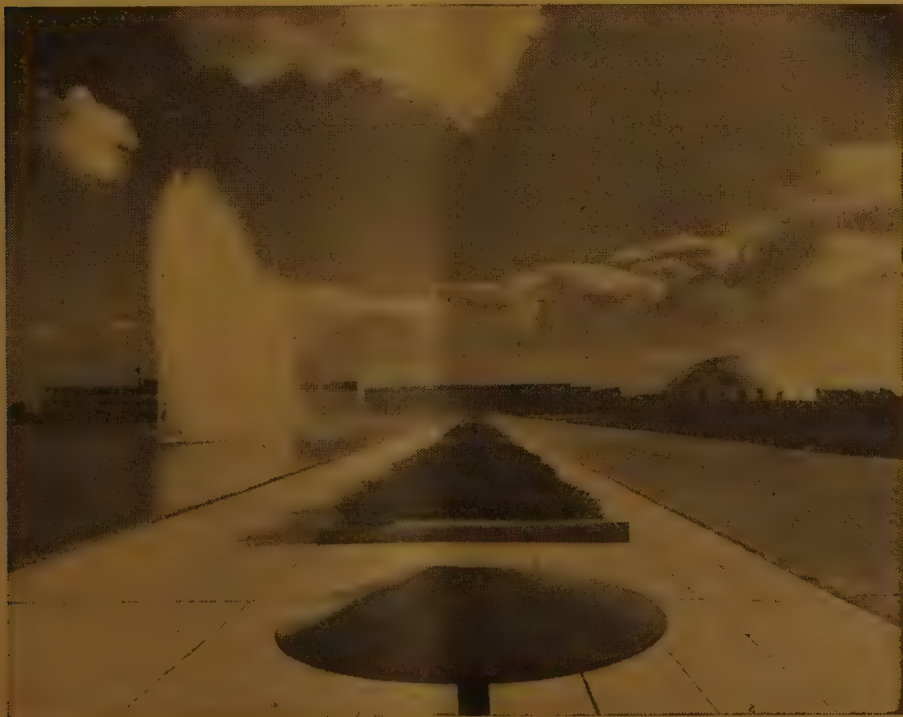


'The dumps of used and rusting motor cars which populate the outskirts of every city': a junk yard in New York

in *The Architectural Review* and other journals. That is where I disagree. My American experience suggests that the ideas which inform the campaign against Subtopia and the remedies prescribed are not very appropriate to the United States, could hardly begin to answer their dilemma. Furthermore, as a critic of the Subtopian standpoint I found in America circumstances which convinced me still further of its shortcomings.

Essentially the Subtopian campaign has meant two activities: in the first instance, a survey of places and areas regarded as a series of views, of landscape or townscape or suburban prospects—and I am deliberately using that word in an eighteenth-century way; and, after the survey, suggestions for improvement, again in terms of appearances, in terms of a set of alternative views. These suggestions are based on a kind of brief grammar of design: the need to establish unity of place, to re-create as far as possible a horizontal world with verticals in their proper place; when other things have been taken care of, the need to camouflage the residue, and so on. When I read these principles I am reminded of a teacher of painting giving a criticism at a sketch club and suggesting ways in which this picture or that might be improved by following the recipes of a particular aesthetic. Although the supporters of the approach would perhaps deny it, this is basically a pictorial, a picturesque, a two-dimensional response to a problem which is not just three dimensional, but six, seven, eight dimensional.

We are all of us involved in the making of our surroundings and much of the work is done without special training or preparation or forethought. Every time we drop a cigarette packet on the pavement, when we put gnomes in our garden, paint the front gate green or put red curtains in the windows we are on the job.



General Motors' research centre near Detroit, designed by Eero Saarinen—'one of the outstanding achievements in modern America'

When we advertise our business and perhaps obscure a façade which some would wish to keep undefined we are contributing to this constantly changing pattern. When our Subtopian improvers have persuaded, say, the Ministry of Works or the War Office to clear away a huddle of sagging and useless nissen huts, when such obviously desirable action has been taken we are still left with all the complicated actions and motives of human behaviour which are the consequence of democracy—personal and group behaviour. Environment is also composed of a huge range of designed objects from power stations to letter boxes, and here we are in the hands of, at the mercy of, architects and designers, most unequal in their talent and skill and understanding. And in this respect the United States seems to me as fortunate as any country in the world for they have an unusual richness of talent at their command and all kinds of generous motives and opportunities for using it.

The Planned City

In his talk Sir Hugh said that a building, even a great building, is not an island. But surely great buildings always have been just that. The masterpieces of Athenian architecture, the Gothic cathedrals, the great town houses of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were just that—'islands' in the midst of inferior and often, by our standards, disgracefully insufficient architecture, and in the midst of all kinds of Subtopian mess and muddle. The only conclusive answer to this dilemma is the planned city or town or village which subdues and controls individual choice and behaviour. Sir Hugh mentioned in his talk the question of illuminated advertising and suggested the new town of Stevenage as a case of how this could be satisfactorily controlled by aesthetic planning. And that brings me back to the United States. There the pressure of salesmanship and the apparent necessity for salesmanship which is more important would hardly allow such a compromise between business and aesthetics on Broadway or Market Street, San Francisco.

What are the reasons for the conditions we both disliked there? I would agree with him about the resistance to planning and control, the belief that economics determine our environment, that land is a source of speculation, that advertising and industrialisation are sources of prosperity and so of human happiness. I should want to add one or two other influences. First, a widely anti-historical or at least non-historical approach to present issues. Joined to this is a belief in the expendability of things. Nothing need be kept. Is it too rash a generalisation to say that the American economy and in consequence so much of its social behaviour in the widest sense of the term is founded upon waste—that it is cheaper to discard and move on, actually and metaphorically, than ever to preserve what is losing its efficiency or to tidy up the consequent refuse?

Take one of the elements in American Subtopia—those junk yards of rotting cars. The only proper cure for these is not improvement, camouflage, paint, or tree planting or local by-laws, but to persuade people not to buy a new model every year or two. That, I suspect, is the kind of change in habit which at present American motor industry and the distributive trade and perhaps the American economy as a whole could not stand and which the power of advertising is employed to counteract. When I was in San Francisco a dealer was offering \$1,100 in part exchange on a new car for a used one of any year and any make in any condition, in order to keep the turnover on the move. Stem that kind of productivity and General Motors would not be able to employ the architect Eero Saarinen to design their magnificent research centre near Detroit—one of the outstanding achievements in modern America. In the States one is constantly aware that the quality of their architecture is not just due to a richness of talent but to the opportunities afforded by their society. In fact the very conditions which enable so many excellent architects to fulfil themselves are also in some ways the reason why there are the gaps in Main Street. Again, it would seem that in certain cities—and Chicago is a good instance—huge areas of substandard housing or decaying property inadequately maintained are due to rapid increases in population and to shifts in population, which again depend greatly upon racial problems.

The condition of our environment is the consequence of various factors. First, the effect of individual and collective behaviour

which varies according to the measure of individual freedom. Then there is the skill and understanding and creative energy of those who make the objects which populate town and country and the fact that exceptional talent is rare and scattered. Then there are those constant variations in technology which govern such things as transport methods, for instance. And there are of course certain basic social, economic, political conditions. To visit the United States is to get a clear view of the relationship between the appearance of a place and the causes of it which I have just proposed. It is like looking at one of those nature films in which by means of microscopic vision and accelerated motion we can see all the more vividly the form and pattern and continuity of growth and change.

Sir Hugh Casson was troubled because Americans seemed not so much to consent to their Subtopias as to be unaware of them. Standing on American soil I was not surprised. When all is said and done, America is still vigorously engaged in creating out of her country a first essay in society while we are at a particularly difficult stage in our third or fourth. When a house is being built the enterprise is surrounded by all kinds of lumber rubble and untidiness. It is only when the creative stage is over that things get tidied. Where this analogy fails is that, unlike a house, an environment is never finished but always having to be adapted to change. The problem is to find an appropriate balance between past, present, and future. We are unduly influenced by the past, whereas the Americans are more concerned with the present and the future.

But to end on another point of agreement with Sir Hugh Casson. He spoke of those people over here who consent to Subtopia, who delight in all the consequences of human behaviour, who think not only that 'every human gesture has its place in the cultural scheme' but that its outcome should be accepted and guarded. Some of the roots of this intellectual attitude are very strong in the United States. In no other country is there so much enquiry into human behaviour and motives through methods scientific or pseudo-scientific. I am thinking of sociological and psychological studies, opinion polls, market research, motivational research, and so on. From all this activity a chain of reasoning is liable to emerge. It goes like this: Because our environment is in one sense a chart of human behaviour, ambitions, ideals, dreams, because it is a three-dimensional action painting, as Casson called it, it is a focus of study. Because it can be studied, everything in it is valuable as a document and must be preserved and consented to.

Striking at the Roots of Our Environment's Ill-health

This is a terrifying betrayal of our responsibility, especially if we are either artists or intellectuals, to apply to the flux of events some standards and positive acts of choice and rejection. Either you believe in a laissez-faire attitude and a laissez-faire aesthetic or you believe in improvement. I am on the side of the improvers, though not in the Subtopian sense of that word. I ask that we should understand the complex sources of that organism which is our environment, and when it is in any way diseased apply the remedies which strike at the roots of the ill-health. Sometimes these will be economic, sometimes technological, sometimes educational, sometimes political or social. In the nineteenth century there were various schemes which sought to deal with the problems which industrialism brought to bear upon our environment. Owen, Salt, Howard, for example. In our own century there have been architects such as Le Corbusier or Frank Lloyd Wright who have taken a comprehensive view of our environment. In every case these schemes or projects have been founded upon the most searching examination of the causes of social expression in architecture and planning and have been founded upon a social philosophy. Sir Hugh Casson was anxious in case some of the symptoms of American Subtopia might infect us here. To visit the United States is to realise how little that is really significant we do import: crew cuts, Elvis Presley, and smuggled copies of *Confidential*—and phoney accents in speech and writing; but until we have American wealth and enterprise and confidence we shall not match their finest architecture, and until we have the economic and social foundations of their society our Subtopian problems will be somewhat different.—Home Service

Fossil-hunters and the Wild West

By P. M. BUTLER

I SHALL never forget the tremendous thrill I felt when I first saw the huge skeleton of a dinosaur in the Natural History Museum. I was only a child then and I suppose it was the size that really impressed me. I gazed at the leg bones that seemed like pillars supporting a building; I stared at the broad feet, about a yard across. It was enormous.

That was many years ago and since then I may have become a little more sophisticated in my outlook on dinosaurs, but even so I still have something of the same kind of thrill when I get

my hands on a fossil bone, particularly if it happens to be a newly found one. My interest in fossils is also the reason why I get a particular kick out of wild-west films. The countryside you see in these horse-operas—the prairies and canyons of Wyoming and Colorado—contains some of the richest fossil-collecting sites in the world. So, while the heroes and villains are dodging in and out of boulders or the Indians are shrieking and hollering around the wagon train, I try peering through the gun-smoke at the terrain beyond—what, I wonder, lies under that mound the villain is using as cover? That cliff that blocks the escape of the

them meant going where, as the saying was, 'men are men and the liquor burns holes in the bar-room floor!'

I have visited these areas myself, the so-called Badlands—a vast region of drought and soil erosion, infested with rattlesnakes; and while nowadays travelling is not so difficult, provided you do not run out of water, in those days it must have been dreadful. You needed a guide who knew where water could be found—Buffalo Bill himself acted as guide on some of those expeditions; you needed to carry provisions and to take a wagon or pack mules to bring the fossils back; and you also needed to be armed or preferably to be escorted by a body of troops, especially if you were going anywhere near the Sioux Indians who were, to say the least, somewhat troublesome at that time.

Incidentally, the Indians believed that the big fossil bones that could be found lying along the dried-up creek beds were the remains of giants who had been destroyed by an angry thunder-god, and it was death to touch them. On one occasion when Indians captured a fossil-hunter and found that he was not even carrying a gun they thought he was out of his mind—and since mad people were venerated as sacred he was allowed to go unmolested. He was lucky, because most Indians were much more suspicious—perhaps the fossil-collectors were gold-prospectors in disguise?—and they rarely bothered to go through the formality of searching any Paleface they caught until after they had shot and scalped him.

I suppose fossils have never been collected under such tough conditions and it is interesting to speculate why men were prepared to take such great risks to get them. The answer is to be found partly in the temper of the times and partly in the characters of the two men principally involved. It was, of course, the period when the theory of evolution was very much in the air. Darwin's

great book had been published not more than a dozen years and his theory was struggling for recognition. To scientists, the knowledge that a great storehouse of fossils lay to the west was irresistible: here was the evidence they required; what matter how many difficulties there were in the way of collecting it?

The two men were Othniel Charles Marsh of Yale University, and Edward Drinker Cope of Philadelphia. Both men had inherited wealth. Marsh was a nephew of the millionaire philanthropist George Peabody, after whom the Peabody Museum at Yale Uni-



Othniel Charles Marsh of Yale University (1831-99)



Edward Drinker Cope of Philadelphia (1840-97)

wrongly accused hero from the sheriff's posse is well stratified; there might well be a fossil tooth sticking out of the rock.

The dinosaurs were, of course, all dead millions of years before cowboys or Indians, or buffalo, appeared on the prairies—in fact long before the prairies themselves appeared. Their bones lay entombed in the rocks until exposed through erosion by water or wind, or through the activities of gold prospectors or railroad builders: and there the majority of them still lie—not only dinosaurs but thousands of other types of extinct animals. So next time you see the Indian on the height drop a rock on the Paleface below you might speculate whether it was not a fossilised dinosaur's toe-bone that bounced from the Paleface's skull.

Perhaps the dinosaurs themselves would hardly fit into a wild-west film; although—you never know—the possibilities of the idea may occur to some Hollywood producer sooner or later and we might yet see an epic with some such title as 'The Beast of Gopher Gulch'. But the men who originally found and went on searching for the fossils would fit into a horse-opera with the greatest of ease, because it was in the seventies of the last century, at the height of the cowboy era, that the skeletons of the really big dinosaurs were first discovered, and to get at



Two modern fossil hunters in the Badlands. The man on the right is holding the fossilised femur of a large extinct mammal

versity, which is still a flourishing centre of palaeontology, is named. Marsh was its first director. Cope's grandfather left him well enough off to spend \$100,000 on collecting fossils, although later in life Cope lost most of the family fortune by an unfortunate investment in a silver mine.

Every summer, from about 1870, these two men organised expeditions to the west. Not only did they collect themselves, but they trained and paid others to collect specimens for them. So each year more and more men invaded the fossil grounds. You would have thought the obvious thing for Cope and Marsh to do was to join forces; but instead they became bitter rivals. This rivalry might have been a good thing in that it led to increased efforts as each tried to outdo the other but it also led, I regret to say, to some highly unscientific activities. There were enough fossils to keep both of them happy, but each tried to corner the market, as it were. When Marsh's men discovered a new place for collecting fossils they had to try to keep it secret, in case Cope's men should come along and steal the best specimens. Cope tried to bribe Marsh's collectors to work for him, and anyone who fell out with Marsh could be sure of a job with Cope. They even played tricks on each other. Once Cope saw some of Marsh's men excavating a skull. They left the skull incompletely dug up, and Cope decided to finish the job for them. But what they were doing was faking the specimen by planting next to it some teeth that belonged to another animal, for Cope to find. He fell into the trap, thought the teeth belonged to the skull, and duly published a description of the supposed new species. It was years before he found out his mistake.

Cope and Marsh wrote hundreds of scientific papers describing and naming the fossils they found. As they were to a large extent collecting in the same areas, it frequently happened that they both obtained the same sorts of fossils, and each would write up descriptions only to find that he had been forestalled by the other. By internationally agreed rules, an animal is known for all time by the first scientific name that is given to it. Thus sometimes Cope's name for an animal would have priority over Marsh's, even though Cope's paper on the subject might have been published only a few days earlier. Marsh went so far as to accuse Cope of pre-dating his publications so as to get priority. On one occasion when Cope was out west he was so eager to forestall Marsh that he sent a description of a new fossil by telegram. Unfortunately the telegraph operator got the Latin name wrong.

In March 1877 a schoolteacher named Lakes in Golden City, Colorado, found an enormous bone belonging to a dinosaur and wrote to Marsh about it. And within a few weeks another schoolteacher, Mr. Lucas, a hundred miles away in Canyon City, Colorado, found some more dinosaur bones which he sent to Cope. You can imagine the result. Both palaeontologists had their men on the spot excavating. Marsh's specimen was bigger

than any dinosaur that had been found before, but when he heard about Cope's specimen he sent someone to reconnoitre, and was most upset when he was told that Cope's dinosaur was even bigger than his. He offered a higher price, but Mr. Lucas had already sold the bones to Cope. He started digging out some more dinosaur bones near where Cope's man was working, but these proved to be poorly preserved. So Cope won that round.

But Marsh's turn came only a month or so later, when a foreman on the railway at Laramie, Wyoming, wrote to him about some bones sticking out of a cliff, including a shoulder blade nearly five feet long. Marsh lost no time in sending a cheque, and his collectors were busy all through the next year excavating what proved to be the biggest dinosaur known up to that time, the celebrated *Brontosaurus*.

Needless to say, this sort of thing did not make for amicable personal relations. To quote Cope on the subject of Marsh:

As to the learned professor of Copeology in Yale, he does not disturb me . . . he makes so many errors, and is so deficient that he will always be liable to excitement and tribulation. I suspect that a hospital will yet receive him.

And to quote Marsh on Cope:

I had some doubts of his sanity, [but] I gave him good advice and was willing to be his friend. During the next five years I saw him often and retained friendly relations with him, although at times his eccentricities of conduct, to use no stronger term, were hard to bear. These I forgave until the number was approaching nearly the biblical limit of seventy times seven, when a break occurred between us and since then we have not been friends.

The climax was reached in 1890, when Cope arranged a bitter public attack on Marsh in the press. There were screaming headlines: 'COPE CHARGES MARSH—ALLEGATIONS OF IGNORANCE, PLAGIARISM, AND INCOMPETENCE', and so forth. The battle raged for months with almost all American palaeontologists ranged against each other, and its echoes did not die away till years after the deaths of Marsh and Cope. Scientists, after all, it seems, are only human.

There are still plenty of fossils in the American west. I have collected a few myself. The great plains are still there, stretching like a sea as far as the eye can reach, intersected with rivers (or 'creeks') lined with cottonwood trees, or eroded away to form the brightly coloured Badlands. The buffalo are now in a National Park, the Indians are quietly living in reservations; you spin along good roads in a car; and in many States, if you want to collect fossils, you have to get a permit from the State Museum. But back in New York and New Haven are the great collections amassed by Marsh and Cope, still studied by scientists from all over the world, a fitting memorial of a great phase and, I suppose, a great feud in American history.—*Home Service*

More Recollections of Lewis Carroll

I—By the late Mrs. E. H. B. SKIMMING

ONE day in the early eighteen-seventies, my mother, Minnie Drury, her sister Ella, and her other sister Emmie were sitting in a railway carriage with their governess, going back from Southwold after the summer holidays, when they saw a clergyman on the platform, passing and re-passing their carriage window; and, just as my children would have done, they hoped he wouldn't get in. He did get in, and he amused them all the way to London with puzzles, paper, toys, and stories. He had a little brown bag with scissors for cutting out things, and all sorts of oddments with which he could amuse children.

He asked for my grandmother's name and address. She lived in Radnor Place, and he went to see them there, and sent them a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*. It is dated 1869, and the dedication in the author's handwriting, 'For three puzzled little maidens', is followed by the verses:

Three little maidens, weary of the rail—
Three pairs of little ears listening to a tale,
Three little hands held out in readiness
For three little puzzles, very hard to guess.
Three pairs of little eyes open wonder wide
And three little scissors lying side by side,
Three little mouths that thanked an unknown friend
For one little book he undertook to send—
Though whether they'll remember the friend or book or day
For three little weeks, is more than I can say.

The friendship continued all through my mother's married life, and I remember him coming from the time I was quite a small child to stay with us. He used always to have toys and things to show us, puzzles and aeroplanes, which were the first things we had ever seen fly; he made dozens of them as he sat there, and flew them all round my mother's sitting room; it was a great thrill. When I was twelve he took me for my birthday to see 'The Professor's Love Story', my first theatre, and we went all the way to the Garrick in a hansom; that was a treat in itself. I was

really rather shocked because they kissed on the stage and I didn't know that grown-up people kissed, outside mothers and fathers. He sat all the time with my hand in his; we had about the third row of the stalls and I loved it. I remember him from the time I was about seven; I suppose he died when I was about thirteen.

After Lewis Carroll's death in 1898, an appeal was launched in the *St. James's Gazette* to endow an *Alice in Wonderland* cot in the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Children. My mother and Miss Hatch were the honorary secretaries*; my mother kept all the letters she received and I have them now. Royalty, stage, church, law and schools all contributed, besides many individuals. Among these letters is one from Canon Duckworth. It says:

I was stroke of the pair in which Lewis Carroll was bow in the famous voyage from Oxford to Godstow when *Alice in Wonderland* was created. The quaint story floated over my shoulder to the pretty little daughters of Dean Liddell on that beautiful summer afternoon which is described in the introductory verses to the story. I am the duck that figures in it and it was by my urgent persuasion that *Alice* was given to the world.

II—By Mrs. H. T. STRETTON

I ONLY KNEW Lewis Carroll when I was about seventeen. I knew him because he used to spend all his holidays in Eastbourne. My mother had a school there, and until I was married I was there. He used to come up quite a lot to the school. He was awfully good to them. He used to come up to tea and supper, and play Misch-Masch—which was a game he taught you for logic. Then he used to tell the children stories. They were nearly always out of *Sylvie and Bruno*.

One day he told them a story, and I said to him afterwards: 'You made up that story, because I'm quite sure it isn't in *Sylvie and Bruno*'. He laughed, and said: 'Why do you think that?' And I said: 'Well, I know *Sylvie and Bruno* very well, I had it given to me years ago, and I don't remember that story'. About two days later I got *Sylvie and Bruno Concluded* from him, which I didn't know was written, and the story was there.

He was very good with small children. But I think he was rather chastened if they didn't behave quite as politely and properly as they should have done. They used to go to tea, generally in twos and threes, to his rooms in Lushington Road. He would have a very nice tea, and I think they always behaved very nicely. You never thought of him as a middle-aged man: you never thought of him as any age in particular. He was just a friend. Because I think he did become the same age as the children he was talking to. He seemed to be able to draw them out, and they did talk to him very happily.

I have seen him a lot with children, and they liked him. But I think when he got one of these stammering bouts it was rather terrifying. It wasn't exactly a stammer, because there was no noise, he just opened his mouth. But there was a wait, a very nervous wait from everybody's point of view: it was very curious. He didn't always have it, but sometimes he did. When he was in the middle of telling a story about *Sylvie and Bruno*, he'd suddenly stop, and you wondered if you'd done anything wrong. Then you looked at him and you knew that you hadn't, it was all right. You got used to it after a bit. He fought it very wonderfully; I think for him to go and preach was a very plucky thing to do. There are a lot of villages round Eastbourne—Willingdon, and Westham, and Eastdean—and he used to go out there and preach. He liked to take somebody with him and put them in the back seat of the church, and then, walking home, you had to tell him what you remembered of the sermon.

When I was about eighteen he asked me for some books to read. My mother had had Marie Corelli's *Romance of Two Worlds* given her, and I read it: and I told him to take that and read it. I was rather intrigued with it. I've read it since and been horrified. Anyway, he took it and was frightfully upset. He wrote a letter to my mother: I think he was very worried about my religious training.

We used to go up to London and have lunch with a friend, and then we went to a theatre. We loved the theatre. We went afterwards behind and saw Marion Terry: it was nearly always with

the Terrys that we went. Whenever I went to a theatre with Mr. Dodgson I always had a charming letter afterwards, in which he said: 'I am sending you Marion Terry's photograph which she has signed and written a nice message on, and I suggest that you write and thank her for it': or any other actress—it was always the same. And I went over once by sea with him—rather a rough sea—to Rye, where Marion Terry was living. We went to see her, and spent the day there.

Once we went to the theatre in Eastbourne to see a play called 'Broken Melody'. Mr. Dodgson thoroughly enjoyed the performance of the leading actor. But he couldn't make up his mind whether he would write and tell him he had enjoyed it or not, because he had a sort of bugbear that people would sell his signature. He was very curious about that: he never signed his name Lewis Carroll, and he generally put in books, 'From the Author'. Sometimes he put 'From C. L. Dodgson', but otherwise it was generally 'From the Author'.

Among the children's books he liked was *The Cuckoo Clock* by Mrs. Molesworth—he thought that was a very nice story for little girls; and Dickens, of course, especially *A Christmas Carol*, and Kate Greenaway; and also Edward Lear. He liked anything that was nonsense, and any playing with words. I think that was one of his ideas of a sense of humour which should be developed in children.

An old friend of ours, a Mr. Ryde, who used to sit next to him at high table at Christ Church, said that he used to keep the hall in fits of laughter the whole time: he was so amusing.

I had copies of *Alice* and *Through the Looking Glass* given me when I was a very small child, and I had, I'm afraid, mutilated them quite a lot and scribbled in them, but my mother had them both bound together. And Mr. Dodgson said would I lend him these two copies to make his alterations on them for a new edition, and then I should have new copies when they got the others out. I lent them to him, and I got them back with his manuscript corrections after he died, from the publisher.

I don't know why, but in some ways he always reminded me of the White Knight, he was so gentle. I always loved the White Knight.

III—By Mrs. E. G. SHAWYER

I FIRST MET HIM, I think, when I was nine: it was 1891, and I had a very bad cold and they had made me go to bed upstairs. He called on my mama and I was singing 'The Walrus and the Carpenter' at the top of my voice and he heard me. He didn't know there *was* me before that. I was not allowed down that day, but what happened the next morning was a perfectly delightful little note—oh, a tiny little note, the tiniest hand-writing—asking me to tea. That was the beginning of it. After that he used to fetch me—he used to call it borrowing me—two or three times a week, take me for long walks and take me back to tea in his rooms. He used to call for me in Canterbury Road and we generally took a tram to the Parks entrance; they were horse trams in those days, of course. Sometimes we went right round the Parks, but generally we went diagonally across the Parks and then along the river, past Parsons' Pleasure, to the ordinary Mesopotamia walk. Sometimes we went up Headington Hill from there, quite long walks.

He had a certain amount of don's work to do, but he did regard the undergraduate as a necessary evil, wholly an evil; he took no interest in undergraduate pursuits. I always remember once, he wrote asking me if I would like to come and have tea with him as usual—he always sent solemn little notes, that was because of my mama—but, he said, 'I hope you don't want to go to the Eights, perhaps even that wouldn't satisfy you, you would like to go to the Nines'. Of course I said I would love to go, and we played hide and seek on the roof all among the chimney pots. We often did that; and watched all the smart people coming back from the Eights with great scorn. We often used the roof, as he had a special staircase up to it.

Stories poured out of him, one after another, and I can't remember any of them because they never were repeated. During our walks he was making up all the mad gardener and the spherical proctor verses in *Sylvie and Bruno*, and there were far more of

(continued on page 243)

* The appeal was suggested in a letter, published in the *St. James's Gazette*, from fourteen-year-old Audrey Fuller, later Mrs. E. H. B. Skimming. Miss Hatch was the sister of Miss Ethel Hatch, whose recollections of Lewis Carroll were printed in THE LISTENER last week.

NEWS DIARY

January 29-February 4

Wednesday, January 29

Minister of Labour makes statement in Commons on claim for increased wages by London busmen

Cyprus is quiet following the lifting of the curfew in Nicosia and Famagusta

The Swiss Government gives order for 100 Hawker-Hunter turbo-jet fighter aircraft

Thursday, January 30

Ten persons are killed when two trains collide in fog near Dagenham

An all-party meeting of M.P.s discusses televising the by-election at Rochdale

A *communiqué* is published after the conference of the Baghdad Pact Council in Ankara

Government Bill for creating life peers is passed by House of Lords

Friday, January 31

Fog covers most of England and Wales. Minister of Transport makes statement in Commons about recent railway accidents

General Sir Francis Festing is appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff in succession to Sir Gerald Templer

The Government decides to appoint a Select Committee into procedure in the House of Commons

Saturday, February 1

The first American earth satellite 'Explorer' is launched from Florida

The Presidents of Egypt and Syria proclaim the union of their two countries with the title of the United Arab Republic

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrives in New Zealand

Sunday, February 2

The Governor of Cyprus broadcasts a warning against the renewal of violence by the Eoka terrorists

Secretary-General of Nato has talks with the Federal German Ministers on support costs for allied forces

Monday, February 3

Two-day debate on report of Bank Rate Tribunal opens in Commons

London busmen vote in favour of referring their wage claim to arbitration

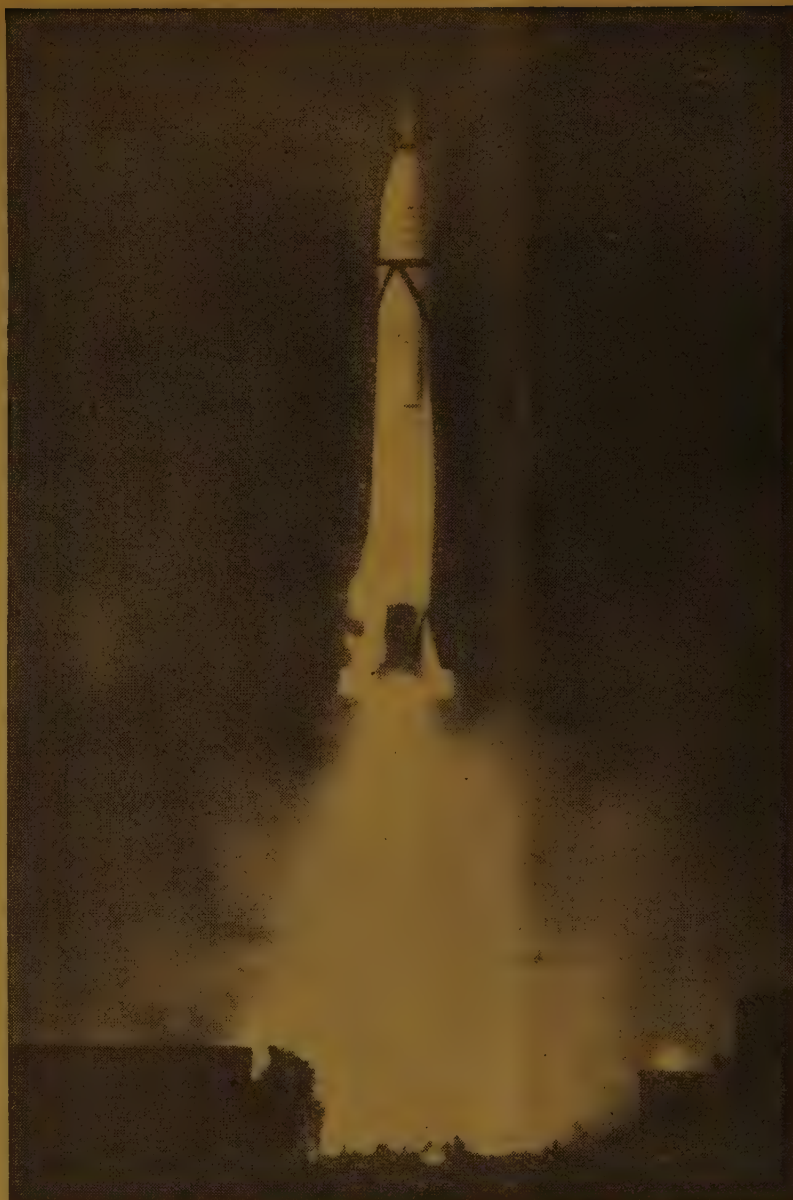
Mr. Bulganin sends letter to President Eisenhower about 'summit' talks

Tuesday, February 4

Gold and dollar reserves reach their highest level for eighteen months

Trade unionists discuss with London Transport Board proposal to refer dispute over busmen's wages to Industrial Court

Dr. Fuchs halts 400 miles from South Pole to overhaul vehicles



Launching America's first earth satellite: a Jupiter rocket, containing the satellite, leaving its launching site in Florida on February 1. 'Explorer' is now circling the earth at a speed of 19,400 miles an hour



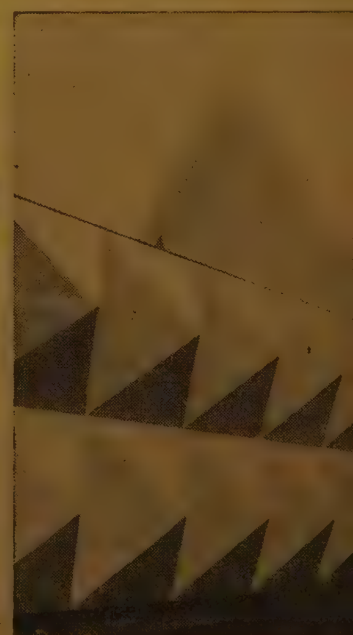
Mr. Harold Macmillan receiving the honorary degree from the Chancellor, Mr. Aneurin Bevan



Unemployed workers protesting about unemployment



President Nasser of Egypt and President Kuwatly of Syria acknowledging the cheers of the crowd in Cairo on February 1, after they had proclaimed the union of their two countries into a state to be called the United Arab Republic



A photograph showing the design of the United Arab Republic flag



... Australian National University, Canberra, after
... ws on January 30. Behind him is Lord Bruce,
... the previous week visiting New Zealand



Turkish Cypriots rioting in Ataturk Square, Nicosia, last week. In the fore-
ground police can be seen carrying shields and truncheons as they forced the
rioters back with the aid of tear gas. Five Turkish Cypriots were killed in the
disturbances in the capital, and two in Famagusta



... age marching to Caernarvon on February 1, to take part in a mass meeting held
... e Valley—once the centre of a flourishing slate-quarrying industry. Among the
speakers was the Bishop of Bangor



... lion being built for the Brussels
... n April 17



Hippopotamuses having their teeth washed at
... the Berlin Zoo



Sir John Barbirolli and members of the Hallé orchestra acknowledging
applause after a concert which they gave in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester,
on January 30 to mark the orchestra's centenary



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There will be many occasions when you will be grateful for the comfort and stimulus of Mackenzie's Sherry. Crises, international skulduggery, mayhem, fire, floods, earthquakes and miscellaneous catastrophes will recur with depressing regularity. In March, Venus squares Jupiter, Neptune and the Moon's Nodes, and opposes Uranus. Verb. sap. Canvey Island will demand home rule and appeal to you-know-who. In June, Venus will be at it again, and the weather will be fine if it doesn't rain. The discovery, by a lady from East Grinstead, of a mountain made out of a molehill in Lower Moravia, will give rise to an ugly political situation, and threaten to throw things into the melting pot. Public agitation for more wine merchants to stock Mackenzie's Sherry will show gratifying results. Mars and Jupiter are in opposition in December, but a good time will be had by all, and the best of luck.



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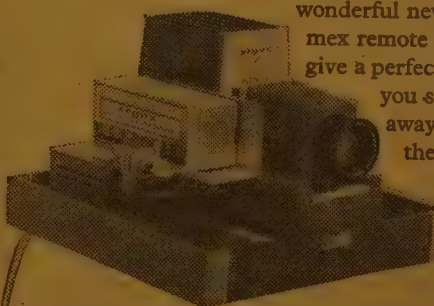
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HOW GERMANY DID IT— AND WHY

Hamstrung by heavy taxation, and helpless before inflation, British business men have reason to study the dramatic revival of German industrial and economic power since 1948. There are lessons for them in a thrusting economy where demand is really the boss. But there are deeper reasons for German prosperity and dynamism today, writes economist Josselyn Hennessy in the February issue of Scope Magazine. Ludwig Erhard, West German Finance Minister, did far more than end inflation, rationing and controls in one stroke with his 1948 decrees. He created 'responsible free enterprise', first outlined as a theory by economic philosopher Walter Eucken, and gave the lie to Marxist fallacies about the need for State control and planning. This article analyses the reasons for Germany's success in the light of these little-known facts.

Scope, price 2s. 6d. at bookstalls and newsagents or direct from Circulation Manager, Scope, 9 Grosvenor Street, London, W.1. Hyde Park 6651.

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(continued from page 239)

them than ever came into print. But when he found one that he really thought he must print, he would scribble it down and when we got back to the rooms I was allowed to type it—tremendous joy.

Hours and hours we used to sit there; he had two enormous college chairs, and he and I would be curled up in one of those and he would continue the stories or else play games. We had lovely games. He had backgammon and chess and all the possible things you can think of; but he didn't play them as one had been taught to play them, he had his own rules. Chess was the greatest fun. We were made to

play properly in chess, he was a master of the game—he couldn't bear to do anything else; but for all the other games he had entirely new rules. And he loved ciphers: he very often wrote letters to me in cipher, and I had to solve them. What really pleased me was when I wrote him back a letter in cipher and he couldn't solve it.

I don't remember which year it was that *Sylvie and Bruno* came out, but anyway Harry Furniss used to come to his rooms and draw me by the dozen; but I am told that the drawings of Sylvie in the book are really Harry Furniss' own daughter. But Lewis Carroll always said I was Sylvie. When the book came

out, he dedicated the second volume to me in an acrostic in which my name is the third letter in every line*.

All that time we were the very greatest friends; I don't think anybody else ever had so much of him as I had. I used to introduce little friends of my own; he was always very sweet to them, but it never got any further. He died when I was fifteen and a half. I was the last child-friend; he had no others then at all. So I had no cause to be jealous—ever.

(These impromptu recollections were broadcast in the Third Programme and are printed from transcripts of the recordings)

* Mrs. Shawyer's maiden name was Enid Stevens

The Shark People

The last of four stories of the Solomon Islands by D. C. HORTON

PULL in quickly, master—pull in quickly—there's a shark on the line! I was jerked out of a doze by my bosun's yell, and jumping up—still only half awake—I seized the codline trailing from the boat's stern rail and began to haul in. The engineer had dived below as soon as he had heard the bosun shout, and the boat's speed dropped from five knots to a crawl. I could see something big jumping and fighting at the end of the line, and now Tuia, the bosun, was alongside me helping to haul in.

'This is a big one, master', panted Tuia as we hauled in. Nearer and nearer came the fish until we could see it was a big horse mackerel. Then came the moment we had been trying to avoid: there was an enormous swirl in the water, a glimpse of a big dorsal fin, the weight on the line eased, and the wake was stained with blood. Almost at once more fins cut the water, and for about five minutes there was a terrific fight going on with bloodstained foam being churned up.

In great disgust we hauled in what was left of a fine big fish. It would probably have weighed thirty pounds if the sharks had not got it. But that was frequently the way of it, and in all the time I was in the Solomons I must have lost literally hundreds of fish to the sharks.

On that occasion, I remember, I was going up to Ysabel District from the Government headquarters at Tulagi in the Solomon Islands. I had been in to collect the mail, and was pleased to have a calm day for returning because I wanted to go right through the night under the full moon, and in rough weather there were one or two awkward places where reefs and rocks were just under the surface, and it was only too easy to run aground. We went in the Ysabel District vessel—a seaworthy craft of about five tons, with an auxiliary engine. She was very wet in any sort of a sea, but she was renowned for her weatherly qualities—and I am really sad to think that she was found and burnt by the Japanese during the war.

Before I went to the Solomons—those remote and enormous islands running for nearly a thousand miles south-east of New Guinea—I

had read that the waters surrounding them teemed with fish, but I had never realised the size and variety that could be found there: almost everything from whales downwards. But the most numerous of all the large fish were the sharks. There must be tens of thousands of them, of different kinds: tiger sharks, grey nurses, hammerheads, fish sharks, and several which have not yet been classified.

I expect you know that sharks are found in all the oceans? Just recently, for example, there has been great interest taken in shark fishing off Cornwall. But they breed and multiply most in warm waters where there are plenty of fish, because, after all, fish are the shark's basic food. I think that is probably the reason for the enormous number of them in and around the Solomons. But there is another reason, which is that a large number of the Solomon people from time immemorial have worshipped the shark—which, of course, entails feeding sharks with sacrifices. If you feed sharks regularly at certain times and places, it stands to reason that they will increase in number. That is a thing that has always puzzled me: how is the level of the shark population kept steady? They breed tremendously, there are extremely few other fish which will tackle them, and although they are cannibals and will attack and eat other sharks (they do so only when a shark has been wounded and is bleeding), yet I have never heard of a steady increase relative to other fish.

There is little evidence of how the shark people in these islands took up shark worship. Whenever I tried to get some of the old men to tell me they would usually end up by saying: 'Well, master, my father's father may have known, but I don't properly understand. It was so long ago that I really can't tell you'. But I have an idea that shark worship arose because the salt-water people from time beyond memory thought the shark to be the king of fish, and they admired his qualities of speed, strength,

ferocity, and beauty, for sharks can be very beautiful in their wonderfully streamlined way. I have often watched them in the clear waters of the Solomon lagoons, cruising about underneath my boat hoping to pick up food—lovely to look at but most dangerous to know. That lesson was brought home to me early by my own boat's crew and particularly by my Fijian doctor, who was an expert at spearing turtles and at all kinds of fishing.

Whatever anyone, expert or not, may tell you, never think that a shark will do what you expect him to: one day they swim away when you are in the water, another day they may circle you at long range. They may be quite uninterested in you, particularly if they have just gorged themselves with fish—but no one can hope to equal their speed in the water, and I have known cases where people have become too confident and ignored safety precautions and have been killed. One was a particular friend of mine whose idea of fun was spearing sting-ray in several feet of water and then going down



and jabbing in another spear to make sure the ray was really dead. The resulting blood attracted the sharks. It was wise, perhaps, if you were in the water, to wear goggles so you could see at least a little way under water, and to have with you a spear or stick, so that you could push away or hit any inquisitive sharks with the butt end—never the sharp end, in case you caused blood to come out in the water and attract all the sharks in the neighbourhood. Best of all was to have some of your boat's crew in the water with you, especially if any of them belonged to the shark clans.

Crocodile Worshippers

The shark people came from the salt-water clans—those who make their living by fishing—but not all the salt-water people were members of the shark clan. Some worshipped the crocodile, and I remember a dramatic incident. It was close to my district station at Aola on Guadalcanal. I was walking along the shore towards the Aola river after tea. There was a wonderful sunset, and the first stars were just coming out. It was a calm evening with a gentle south-east breeze, and I had stopped near to a clump of trees where the members of the local crocodile clan used to worship. They were sacrificing pigs in the grove, and their old priest was chanting some sort of incantation. Every now and then he would walk down to the water and call out, and the crocodile who had been waiting for his meal would raise his head to snatch the bits of burnt pig thrown to him. These crocodiles in the Solomons are big and fierce, and are equally at home in the rivers or the sea, and this one, I imagine, had swum round from the Aola river, which was full of them.

Suddenly, there was a terrific commotion in the water that went on for about fifteen minutes. Obviously something very big was fighting out there, and it was difficult to see what it was. The noise and the churning water attracted the people in the grove and they all crowded down to the edge of the sea. Presently the water calmed down, and the old priest called again to the crocodile—but there was no response. A few minutes later the waves washed up the tail of a shark and then, a bit further along the shore, the back legs and the tail of a crocodile.

A Despoiled God

When they saw this a great cry went up from the people. They shouted out that their god had been despoiled and that it would bring them misfortune, and their laments went on for some time. I knew I should hear all about it the next day, so I quietly faded away and went back along the shore. I suppose what must have happened was that a shark had bumped into the crocodile as it was feeding, and there had been a battle with both of them getting killed, and almost at once their remains had been eaten by sharks or other fish. It gave me a vivid impression of the power of these creatures—and you know how tough a crocodile's skin can be.

The shark people I knew best lived on artificial islands in the Auki lagoon off the island of Malaita, a big island about 120 miles long which lies to the eastward of central Solomons. These artificial islands were unique—they were built up in the lagoons of Malaita from coral.

They are crowded with salt-water people. They had been built originally to prevent surprise attacks from the bush people with whom there was a traditional enmity, and even in 1937 there was still a good deal of hostility between them. When they went to market there was always a row over the barter of fish and sea produce for vegetables and other bush produce.

Auki Island itself was more interesting. There was an old priest living there whose daily task it was to say prayers to the sharks and to feed them, and it was amazing to see the sharks gather round the mouth of the canoe slipway at certain times; then gradually one would insinuate itself into the slipway and eat the bits of pig thrown to it as an offering. The slipway was narrow and the shark could not turn round, so the little boys of the island would with impunity scramble across its back from one side of the slip to the other. The other thing which was interesting was that the place was strictly tabu for women. I have never seen any there at all.

The people of the shark clan there were unafraid of the sharks, but even they were very careful of them in the breeding season. Certainly I have never known of a shark taking a shark clan man. I do not know what it is, but perhaps if you are frightened of sharks and you are in the water the sense of fear is exuded from your skin. It is the only explanation I can give of an incident which happened when I was touring round south Malaita in 1938.

Rough-going in a Canoe

I was using a big twenty-man canoe and we were going round to Cape Zelee at the southern tip when the weather became very rough. I had in the canoe a considerable amount of silver, my official records, and all our gear, and I was worried because if we turned over I would have to explain to the Solomons Treasury what had happened to all the silver. However, the Malaita crew men who were with me were experts, and when the seas got really big twelve of them slipped over the side, thus acting as centre boards, and kept the canoe upright, the others paddling hard to get us round the cape and into sheltered water.

Suddenly, there was a commotion in the water and one of the men disappeared. I shouted to the others to swing the canoe round to search for the man, but they took no notice. We were in a tough spot and they had their work cut out to get us round to safety. As soon as we had got round the cape the headman said so. He also said that it was only to be expected that the shark which apparently the men knew had been following us would take the man called Luvu. I asked him why.

'Master', he said, 'Luvu didn't belong to the shark clan. The shark knew this and chose him for his sacrifice'.

On the fringes of the Solomons there are several Polynesian atolls—but none of the Polynesian people worship the shark. They are rather foolhardy in the water, and I have known some of them actively to hate sharks, because they spoil the fishing. The Rennellese, for example, have got large wooden shark hooks attached to floats, and they bait these and set them out for the sharks. Though the hooks look very clumsy, they are effective, and I have seen a number of sharks caught that way.

I left the Solomons in 1944, so I do not know to what extent missions have altered the old pagan ways. As I saw it, the pagan people, whether they worshipped the shark or some other animal, or even a spirit such as the Momolo, lived what you and I would describe as a decent life: their wants were simple, they were plentifully supplied by nature with food and there were fish in the sea. The islands are so large and there are comparatively few people except on Malaita so there was no overcrowding. The last war had an upsetting effect on them all, but now they are gradually settling down and benefiting from increased health, education, and social services, and I personally feel that if we do not try to hurry them too much the people of the Solomons will come into their own and enjoy all that is best for them without any fuss and flurry in their own good time.—*Home Service*

The latest addition to the series of monographs prepared by the B.B.C. Engineering Division (No. 15) is entitled *New Equipment and Methods for the Evaluation of the Performance of Lenses for Television*, by W. N. Sproson, who is on the staff of the research department. It may be obtained, price 5s., from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or be ordered from newsagents and booksellers.

Sick Caliban

He looked, he saw, and quickly went his way.
Should he have cried

On all the world to help that thing,

Man, beast, or bestial changeling,

Or great fish stranded choking in dry air

Without the sense to die?

Yet that great emerald blazing on its finger,

The proud and sneaking malice in its eye

That said, I suffer truly and yet malingering,

Long for and hate the stupid remedy.

Look: I am yourself for ever stuck half way.

And then he knew

Those he would summon were only a multiplied

Mere replica of himself, and all had thought

Long since, No remedy here or anywhere

For that poor bag of bone

Or hank of hair.

So he went on

And for a while could hear behind his back

A trifling rumour, mere imagined moan,

At last nothing at all. Yet now the lack

Began to irk him and the silence grew

Into a dead weight shut within his side,

And he knew

That he must carry it now, be patient and wise

Until perhaps in the end time would devise

A meaning, a light and simple syllable wrought

By some chance breath.

And so he took the straight road to his death

In surly anger that was far from mourning.

Behind him followed hope and faith

Saying little. But something stood at that first

turning

By itself, weeping. If he could keep his eyes

On that far distant mourner, would it save

Something? Would all find breath to call

To each other, and all be changed, that thing,

and all?

EDWIN MUIR

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Faith of a Salesman

Sir,—In criticising Sir Miles Thomas for talking of religious teaching in terms of salesmanship, Mr. C. Morley Davidson also says it is small wonder that Christians are 'bothered by the problem of communication'. Does not Mr. Davidson himself confuse communication by his interpretation of the sense in which, in this connection, Sir Miles uses the term 'selling'?

The essence of all selling is persuasion, whether it deals with material things or ideas. The 'buyer' must be convinced that he needs the 'proposition', and he must expect to pay the 'full and measurable price', as noted by Mr. E. F. G. Haig in his adjoining letter (THE LISTENER, January 30).

Mr. Davidson also says that Sir Miles' words must have made many clergy and other Christians feel as I do—that once again we must start afresh to teach and to demonstrate that we are not trying to sell anything—but we are longing to give the way to personal wholeness and a right relationship with our Maker and our fellows.

But what is the purpose of teaching (the sermon) or demonstrating (the dedicated life of selfless giving) if it is not to persuade others that our Maker's gift is of infinite value; that the price that He exacts, namely, the complete and unconditional surrender of ourselves to His will, is a just price, and that it must be paid in full if we are to make our 'purchase'?

This is the most difficult task of persuasion imaginable, and, essentially, it is a selling task. Those who undertake it are proud to regard themselves as Soldiers of Christ: they should be no less proud to think of themselves as His Salesmen. Were they to do so, the importance of studying 'selling technique' might become more evident to some of them.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.11

B. E. CATCHPOLE

Sir,—Sir Miles Thomas, in his impressive defence of the craft of salesmanship (THE LISTENER, January 23), says that 'the salesman is a gatherer and disseminator of information, an educator'. We may agree with this; but the facts of the matter are in part rather different.

We cannot help noticing that there are also salesmen who find themselves, off their own bat, telling the public what it should need and designers what they should concoct; who are not so much disseminators of information as fabricators of superstitious cults; whose usages blunt discrimination, burn up the language, derange the creative processes of design, and run down the economy by the promotion of third-rate goods for which they have made an artificial demand.

We should not blame the salesmen themselves they are not consciously dishonest, and indeed they are often admirable men with high motives. But how have we allowed these dreary practices to become so extensive?

Sir Miles feels that objection to salesmanship in this country is due to a puritanical attitude to life. Is it not also true that a puritanical

attitude provides audience for salesmanship in its negative, destructive role? We sometimes half-think we remember a belief that the material things of life are ultimately worthless; and this un-ordered question is compounded by a further vague doubt of the moral probity of technology. To put it shortly, there is a gap between our philosophy and the circumstances of machine-riding life, and it is not so much established religion which bridges the gap as the salesman who stuffs it up with anything he can lay his hands on. Daily we trudge over the abyss on top of his freshly spread scavengings.

This collector's work is an act of faith: but a faith in which full feeling and thought are anathema. This salesman, faithful and indeed humane as he is, finds that his chief enemy is genuine sensual—be it aesthetic or mechanical—appreciation. It is the kindly puritan who buys, because the puritan finds it comes easier to have worldly goods made third-rate, fanciful, unreal and often to be discarded. In-built ephemerality is a sop to the conscience. Is this not the tacit philosophy that blesses a million deals in 'consumer' goods?

Shall we be able to go on designing and making good things if we cannot find a truly ordered valuation of machinery and its products?

Yours, etc.,

Guildford

C. PINSENT

Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?

Sir,—Professor Gallie dealt brilliantly and effectively with the naive and superficial arguments broadcast by Mr. Nicolson, M.P., under the title 'Should Britain Abandon Nuclear Arms?' and THE LISTENER places us all in its debt for giving so much space to the outstanding problem of the day. If I understand Professor Gallie aright he has no difficulty in disposing of Mr. Nicolson's argument but cannot bring himself to accept those of the anonymous Mr. P. From what Mr. Nicolson told us about Mr. P.'s memorandum I share Professor Gallie's difficulty. What Mr. Nicolson certainly does not appreciate, and the same perhaps goes for Mr. P. and Professor Gallie, is that a strategy based on the abandonment of nuclear energy for military purposes is claimed by some people, of whom I am one, to be the correct method of frustrating the Communist offensive against the democracies.

Those of us who have reached this conclusion on 'military grounds' have done so by re-examining the nature of war in general and, in particular, the character of the third world war now raging. Service people are sometimes accused by politicians of planning for the next war in terms of the last one. Mr. Nicolson is committing the error of trying to fight the present one with a strategy belonging to the pre-nuclear age. I guess this kind of mistake put the Dinosaurs out of business.

Yours, etc.,

Headley

STEPHEN KING-HALL

A Special Language

Sir,—To state that a picture or a book does so and so is certainly quite legitimate and normal usage, as Mr. Andrew Forge observes—supported by Mr. Stephen Bone with a piece of schoolboy-like rudeness. But in the passage I cited from Mr. Sylvester, by substituting 'artist' for 'picture' (a substitution in no way unfair or misleading) its lack of any real meaning is clearly brought out.

So, Sir, we are now asked to believe that if a critic is likely to succeed in writing clearly about contemporary painting, the picture must be bad: Mr. Forge says so with admirable clarity. The difficulty, it seems, begins when the picture is good, for the critic is then confronted with the need to do nothing less than define what art means to him. But the art criticism of Hazlitt, Ruskin, Pater, the Goncourts, Fromentin, and Fry, to go no further back and name only a few, completely refutes Mr. Forge's contention: all their most memorable passages are about pictures they admired. Nor can I see why this difficulty, if it exists, should attach only to contemporary painting. It is, perhaps, invidious to single out living critics who have managed to praise in fully intelligible terms, but I think that Sir Kenneth Clark's observations on the late drawings of Michelangelo in *The Nude*—passages that would go easily into the space of a LISTENER article—provide a first-rate example of appreciative and interpretive criticism; for that matter, though the book is full of appreciations of individual works, the meaning is always clear. If Mr. Forge is really persuaded that it is only possible to write lucidly about bad pictures, one might think that he should consider throwing up his job.

I never, even by implication, suggested that Mr. Sylvester compared Andrews' stature as an artist with that of Piero: he certainly compared Andrews' pictures with a Piero masterpiece, as anyone who cares to look up the notice will see. Mr. Forge holds me to be obtuse and lacking in perception; we are assured that there is nothing occult about the procedure described by Mr. Sylvester—that is, beginning with the idea of depth, then contesting it, and arriving at an elusive point at which space, having acquired a radiant amplitude, seems destructible—and Mr. Forge goes on to remind your readers that 'it is often an important feature of a picture that the artist opposes one quality with another, light with dark, for instance, or horizontal with vertical or, as here, flatness with depth, and in doing so makes an expressive relationship'. These oppositions, commonplaces of picture-making, I am not supposed to have noticed, and if one is unaware of them one cannot understand the process described in Mr. Sylvester's eulogy, 'and still less can one understand somebody finding value in it'. Surely this is disingenuous and has no bearing whatever on my objection. Finding a value in the process so obscurely expounded by Mr. Sylvester is vastly different from holding that the space created by Mr. Andrews 'becomes infinitely precious'—



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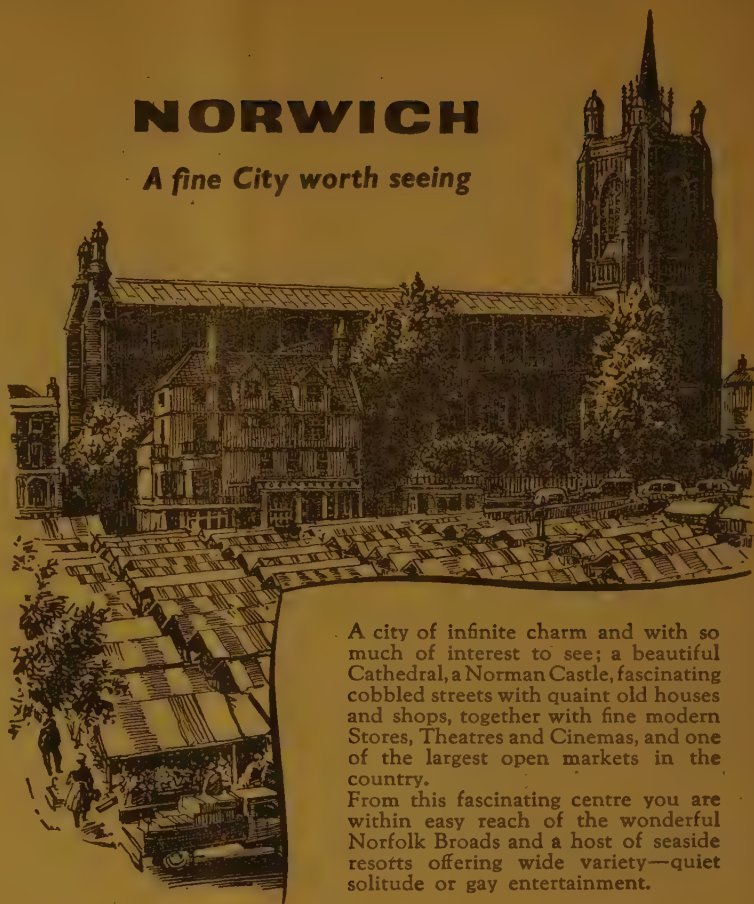
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that is, if words mean anything, that no limits can be assigned to its value. Your readers must judge if Mr. Forge's gloss on the passage assists them in an attempt to make sense of it.

As one who dabbled in journalistic art criticism when Mr. Forge was in his cradle, I am fully alive to the difficulties inherent in it: that they are so many explains why great art critics have always been so rare. The difficulties will be enormously multiplied if, as Mr. Forge asserts, the critic feels 'forced' to cram into the limited space at his command a simultaneous description of the work and his experience of it, the object and his fantasies, the artist and the critic's sense of art. Good measure in all conscience! Can anyone wonder that wooliness of thought, confusion, and a highly specialised language, often incomprehensible, should be the outcome of such an endeavour?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4 RALPH EDWARDS

Bringing New Life to the Po Delta

Sir,—In her talk on the changes in the Po Delta (THE LISTENER, January 30) Miss Ninetta Jucker refers to Armando Borghi as 'Italy's last surviving anarchist', a description which I am sure he would happily disclaim, for the weekly *Umanità Nova* which he edits would hardly survive on a readership of one. Nor would the anarchist monthly *Volontà*, whose contributors include some very distinguished writers, and whose editors were the ultimate victors in the long-drawn-out prosecution a few years back for disseminating contraceptive information. Indeed the frequent prosecution of anarchist propagandists, from Trieste to Ragusa (where the publishers of *L'Agitazione del Sud* are at present 'under process' for allegedly defaming the clergy), is an indication of the active survival of anarchist ideas in Italy.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.6 COLIN WARD

The Shadow of the 'Bulge'

Sir,—I agree with Mrs. Simon and THE LISTENER that a broader and more comprehensive system of education is necessary, although I would add flexibility, variety, and freedom from excessive interference by the state as other desirable requirements. There is more to be said for aiming at making our schools better than Eton than for bringing down Eton to the level of the majority of our schools. Nor do I feel that the willingness of parents to make sacrifices (monetary or otherwise) to ensure the happiness of their own children is necessarily socially undesirable.

Parents do not pay school-fees simply because they want to buy privileged positions for their children in the future, but because they have present problems to solve or even because they have ideas of their own how children should be educated. Children too have ideas, and these are more likely to be furthered by their parents who are interested in their well-being than by the state which, to whatever degree it may be interested in humanity, is not interested in human beings as individuals. The great merit of independent education is that it provides a check and balance to the state system, which ever runs the hazard of coming under the control of the doctrinaire and the bureaucrat. And what bureaucrat ever had the magnanimity to admit that he did not always know best?

Naturally the Russians are great readers. But is not their habit of reading a by-product of,

and one of the few forms of distraction from, a grim system of education, in which children are taught what they ought to think, not how to learn?

According to *The Times Educational Supplement's* review of Alexander Korol's *Soviet Education for Science and Technology*, though all Soviet children are at school from seven to seventeen, hundreds of thousands are drained off for sub-professional education in 'technicums', or (at the age of fourteen) drafted into 'Labour Schools', where, among other things, they have mined 2,000,000 tons of coal. (Mr. Korol stigmatises these schools as a reserve for cheap juvenile labour under the guise of an educational procedure.)

His most sinister assertion is that the Soviets intend eventually to replace day schools by boarding schools, 'designed to place secondary education under completely controlled conditions'. I should like to believe that this apparent combination of the ideals of Plato and the methods of Mr. Wackford Squeers was simply not true.

My main point at issue with Mrs. Simon was that her first letter seemed to imply that we should be achieving an educated democracy by emulating Soviet methods. I hope I have misunderstood her. And I hope, with the terrible temptations of modern science to the intellectually arrogant and uninhibited in mind, that she will agree with me that a system which tends to grade human beings entirely by their intellectual and physical ability, plus their willingness to toe some party line, is in danger of converting the human race into some gigantic termites' nest.

Or maybe such an outcome is an inescapable law of history.—Yours, etc.,

Ipswich KENARD SEACOME

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

B.B.C. Orchestras

Sir,—Your critic, Mr. Dyneley Hussey, in THE LISTENER of January 16, in commenting unfavourably on performances by the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra under Colin Davis and the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra under Rudolf Schwarz suggests that performances which, in his opinion, were unsatisfactory were due to insufficient rehearsal time, and goes on to say: 'Here once more we approach the sphere of high policy and budgetary decisions, whose secrets are veiled from the public eye, but whose results become more and more evident'.

This insinuation is quite unfounded; the rehearsal times of the orchestras have not been reduced and in the opinion of their conductors are sufficient. In fact, the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra has had an increase in rehearsal time over the past few months. What Mr. Hussey describes as a 'suspicious last-minute change' in the programme of this orchestra was due to nothing more sinister than the illness of one of its principals.—Yours, etc.,

B.B.C., London, W.1 R. J. F. HOWGILL
Controller, Music

Radio Drama

Sir,—Mr. Bradnum's complaint about Mr. Roy Walker is that he is unfair to those who write specifically for radio, as, he tells us, is the rest of the Press. Can it be that it is our Johnny who is out of step?

Those hard-done-by writers give us either adaptations of novels or original plays. Few novels are suitable. Week after week we get, for instance, *The Forsyte Saga*, where character is achieved mainly by description of surroundings and possessions. How can this be made dramatic? Jane Austen has suffered even more in the same process; *Pride and Prejudice* reduced to dialogue is a parody which is not even funny.

As for the original radio play—who among your readers can remember any? The B.B.C.'s financial policy may have something to do with this but there must be many who will not forget the 'Waltz of the Toreadors' or 'Hedda Gabler'.

Not only the Critic but the listener deserves Mr. Bradnum's sympathy.—Yours, etc.,

Stanmore ENRICA PROCTOR

Too Many Choices

Sir,—The issue raised by the letter of Mr. E. Copeland Snelgrove as to the precise facts of Galileo's life was not really relevant to my talk at all.

I was concerned of course with how Brecht makes Galileo a symbol for all those who suffered for their contribution to the Copernican revolution. In Brecht's play Galileo only agrees to deny that the sun moves round the earth under extreme pressure at an inquisitorial examination. His acceptance of a pension from Pope Urban VIII is shown as an occasion for contempt by his closest pupil. Only in the last scene of the play, when the pupil eventually believes that Galileo was justified in accepting such a pension and in working secretly at extensions of his scientific theories, do we see the pupil smuggling Galileo's unpublished manuscript across the frontier. Clearly this scene is crucial for Brecht, and I believe through him for us.

Yours, etc.,

Tidebrook MICHAEL TIPPETT

Antarctica: What the Scientists are After

Sir,—I write to point out that in my talk published in THE LISTENER of January 23 the statement that high-energy, atomic particles reach the earth from the sun 'moving faster than the speed of light' should have been corrected to read: 'moving almost as fast as the speed of light'.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.7 L. P. KIRWAN

Architect on the Campus

Sir,—I read with great interest Mr. Thomas Howarth's talk, 'Architect on the Campus' in THE LISTENER of January 2.

Without denying Mr. Buckminster Fuller's contribution regarding new structures, and for the pure sake of factual information, it may be of some interest to recall that as early as 1937 a French engineer, Mr. Robert le Ricolais, disclosed the potential applications of three-dimensional structures in the *Annales des Points et Chaussées*, the official paper of the Ministère des Travaux Publics. Towards 1947, some 70,000 square feet of hangars were built in central Africa, using Mr. le Ricolais' patents.

Since 1950, Mr. le Ricolais has been lecturing as visiting professor in many American Universities (Harvard, Yale, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Michigan).

Yours, etc.,

Nice M. N. COX

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE Guido Reni in the National Gallery is a cold picture, cold in colour and cold in sentiment. There is an insipid theatricality about it, a decorous restraint which is made all the more unpalatable by comparison with the Tintoretto upon the opposite wall. We can therefore see its faults with ease. The awkwardness of the kneeling boy in the foreground, the still more awkward drawing of the praying shepherd beside the infant Christ, the apparent disconnection between the *putti* above and the figures below are very noticeable. Guido, it would seem, was using two different techniques; the landscape and the mortals are painted very freely, whereas a tight, highly finished treatment is applied to the supernatural actors of the drama. This produces a rather uncomfortable sense of discontinuity.

But consider how very beautifully the elliptic shape of the Madonna and Child is welded into the system of diagonals which radiates from the musicians on the right. Notice the satisfying manner in which the figure of Joseph rounds off the composition and how, although the movement is amplified by the unanimity with which all heads seem turned towards the central light, it is in fact broken, and monotony averted, by the face of the boy who glances aside—as well he might—towards the pretty girl with a basket (she, her companion, and the boy are all painted with great skill and affection). As for the cherubs soaring above our heads, it is true that they suggest a painted ceiling rather than an apparition; but in fact their gestures rhyme perfectly with those of the shepherds below. In its cold way, this is a very handsome picture and I am glad we own it.

The visitor to the exhibition at Tooth's, entitled 'The Exploration of Form', should read Mr. Lawrence Alloway's Introduction; otherwise he may not realise just how much is expected of him. In the work of these artists, form, we are told, may have 'a seminal, evocative function' and 'it has been the great discovery of post-war artists that, in the absence of pure form, all form is evocative and, in some measure, subject to the spectator's projected wishes and guesses'.

Now all paintings require some co-operative activity—Guido Reni is a case in point—but there it is the painter's intentions that we must discover through the organisation of his colours; here, if I understand Mr. Alloway aright, there is no organisation, the painter provides a mere starting-point for the spectator. But need he

even do that? In a later passage the writer suggests that the form from which we are to evoke meaning may itself be derived from the void. 'Formlessness does not stay that way for long and as we become accustomed to it regular features appear'. The idea of a picture

Those who have fallen into the slovenly habit of expecting to find their pictures ready made and therefore of looking for a definite intention on the part of the artist may attempt to judge these paintings upon conventional lines, finding M. Guiette tasteful, M. Hantai dashing, and M. Jorn almost painterly; but undoubtedly Mr. Alloway is right, the main burden falls upon the spectator.

Mr. William Johnstone at the Lefevre Gallery appears, at first sight, to have a good deal in common with the boys next door; but in fact he has a serious intention, although his efforts to explain it upon canvas are sometimes a little incoherent. I think he might consider whether a rather subtler use of colour might not convey his impressions of landscape in a more adequate way. His attitude to the continuous form of things is so very close to non-recognition that his emphatic colour harmonies, charming though they may be, seem almost purely decorative. That gifted painter Mr. Michael Wishart (at the Redfern Galleries) is in a somewhat similar position although his palette contains no strident autumnal colours. Almost all his paintings follow the same formula: a grey-green land-mass very lightly defined against an almost conventionally blue sky, the whole decorated with a hasty, sensitive black scrawl. It is not a bad formula but it succeeds best with his least ambitious works. In the same gallery Mr. Suddaby's landscapes are resolutely gay and Mr. Parkinson is elegant and accomplished.

At the Whitechapel Art Gallery the Society for Education through Art is holding its tenth exhibition of Pictures for Schools. It is a good exhibition and it certainly deserves a visit; but the important thing is to see to it that the pictures do actually get into schools. Even if the standard of the exhibition were not so high it would still be true

that there is practically nothing here that would not have a startling and profoundly educational effect upon children. Those of my readers who have had an opportunity to observe the degrading squalor in which many of our children work and play will know how true this is.

A new addition to the series of Tate Gallery catalogues, *The Works of William Blake (1757-1827) in the Tate Gallery* (Heinemann, 20s.) commemorates the bicentenary of Blake's birth and provides a general introduction to his work. The catalogue is by Martin Butlin, with an introduction by Sir Anthony Blunt, and a foreword by Sir John Rothenstein.



'The Adoration of the Shepherds by Night', by Guido Reni: a recent acquisition by the National Gallery

so abstract as to be without form may startle some readers and they may very likely think that Mr. Alloway does not mean exactly what he says. I am not so sure. Some of Mr. Turnbull's productions are approaching that condition and framed areas of plain wallpaper are already fashionable in Paris. It is true that such works have form of a kind, but surely it is only a short step from this sweet simplicity to the ultimate Nirvana of complete non-entity. I look forward confidently to the day when enterprising dealers will make vast fortunes by selling hypothetical pictures to a *musée imaginaire*.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

An Affair of the Heart. By Dilys Powell. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

THIS BOOK IS THE STORY of a love affair: the kind of love affair which almost every Englishman who has ever lived in Greece for more than a short period continues to carry on with that country for the rest of his days. At first there is a period of sustained intoxication; then come spasmodic irritations, a sense of betrayal, jealousies, mutual recriminations; until the two parties are at last reconciled in tears and pleas for forgiveness—and the cycle can begin again. Miss Powell has been through it all: from the moment in 1931 when she accompanied her first husband, the archaeologist Humphry Payne, on his excavations of the Heraion at Perachora, until her last visit to the same village in 1954.

The core of Miss Powell's excellent book is the journey she made to Greece in 1953 as one of a delegation sent to Athens to discuss an Anglo-Greek Cultural Convention. Within three years this Convention was worth less than the used stubs of the tickets which had brought five distinguished English figures to Athens; but since it gave Miss Powell the chance to see the country again, it cannot be said to have been wholly without a use. Indirectly Anglo-Greek understanding has been promoted—though not as the organisers of the Convention must have hoped.

Among many memorable stories in *An Affair of the Heart* there are two which have the validity of parables. The first is of the young gypsy musician who thrust his company on Miss Powell when he overtook her tramping alone over the Metsoro Pass in the rain (in Greek eyes an act of lunacy). She was entertained by his company; and when he offered to continue the long journey to Trikkala with her, she assumed that he had some business of his own to transact and willingly accepted. She bought him cups of coffee, glasses of *ouzo* and plates of food; and he, in return, took charge of her. In Trikkala she said goodbye; and at once she realised that what to her had been an agreeable casual meeting, had been to him something more: a promise—of escape, riches, opportunity, who knows what?—of which she was cheating him. Sullen at being 'betrayed', the youth demanded money; and, given it, demanded more.

The second, even more pathetic, story is of the dream of the poverty-pinched villagers of Pechora to build themselves a museum. When, in the 'thirties, Payne turned up his finds, the little community was determined to house them on the site; but there were no funds, and like most other treasures in Greece, Payne's too were eventually packed off to Athens. Years later, in the 'fifties, Miss Powell returned to find that the dream had been realised: in the square of the village there stood a new museum. But—it was empty; the villagers had nothing to place in it.

Such anecdotes illuminate, with a rare understanding, the melancholy heart of Greek peasant life. Miss Powell's *The Traveller's Journey is Done* was one of the best books to be written about Greece in the last thirty years; this is superior to it in the brilliance and sympathy of its perceptions. Miss Powell's love affair with Greece continues; but she has overcome that

lover's egotism which demands that the country should remain static in its pastoral beauty and starkness. Unlike many other philhellenes, she wants what is best for the Greeks, and not only what is best for the traveller.

The Adopted Child. By Mary Ellison. Gollancz. 16s.

When writing on social questions it is difficult to produce a book that will appeal to the worker in this field, and also to the citizen who rightly desires both to whet his social conscience and to be interested. Such a book must be both factual and accurate, and at the same time written with feeling and colour, without becoming sentimental. It can be said that books which fulfil these demands—about prisons, housing, delinquency, and so on—are not rare; there is a fairly steady and salubrious stream of them published most years in this country.

This book is certainly one that fulfils the needs of many and various readers who are, or should be, interested in the subject of adopted children. It starts by sketching the historical background of the unwanted child, and then of adoption. It shows how far back in antiquity we find the custom of legalised adoption, and the sometimes poetic and beautiful rites which accompanied the practice; as in the Hindu ceremony where the new father says the words: 'I accept thee for the fulfilment of religion! I take thee for the continuation of lineage!'

In this country the first Adoption Act became law only in 1926; this has been amended by a further Act in 1939 and again in the Adoption Act of 1950, which has a whole chapter in the book. The highest figure for adoption in the British Isles was reached in 1946, when the figure of 23,000 was passed; but there are many more would-be adopters than potential adoptees. It seems that many unmarried mothers are unwilling or too feckless to place their babies for adoption, although not caring for them personally; there are too many children unnecessarily growing up in Institutions.

We learn also that unfortunately too many children are still adopted privately, and not through official channels, i.e., Public Authority or Adoption Societies; that there is even a black market in babies, some being smuggled to America. We learn these and many other interesting facts, but Adoption has to be seen against the background of more general problems such as that of the unmarried mother, and of the social environment generally. It is useful to be reminded at times how bad is the housing situation still in all our large cities, and the effect which this has in disrupting family life.

The discussion of the various problems centring on adoption is enlivened throughout the book by real-life stories of individual cases; some of which bring tears to one's eyes. One of the vital points in adoption is that adopted children should be told about their adoption as soon as they begin to understand anything—in the shape of a little story; thus growing up with a sense of being someone especially chosen, and always wanted and loved. The question of how much, and when, children should be told, if at

all, about their natural parents, might perhaps have been more fully discussed.

The last chapter on the Hurst report, which is still to be discussed in parliament, touches on this point, and shows also how the legislation on adoption has constantly to be revised and perfected. Adoption is undoubtedly a very important and fruitful topic, and it is most refreshingly dealt with in this excellent book.

Guide to Western Architecture

By John Gloag. Allen and Unwin. 63s.

This is a book written by an amateur for amateurs. Those who know little or nothing about the history of architecture and wish to have its broad outlines set before them with clarity and almost consistently good aesthetic judgement, will find this an agreeable survey. Mr. Gloag's specialities are the bird's-eye view and, now and again, an arresting generalisation: 'Windows react to fear in terms of design more readily than any other feature in architecture'. Architecture is certainly, for him, a living language. 'All buildings have something to say. They may be talkative . . . or tongue-tied: some buildings chatter like starlings . . . others sing, cheerfully or solemnly, with grace or pomp, or out of tune'. Another attraction of the book is the profusion of drawings: these, largely the work of Mr. Hilton Wright, are often charming, and really do ornament the text. But here again the appeal will be to the amateur, for the scholar would undoubtedly prefer photographs, and of these there are a mere thirty-two pages, chosen according to no evident plan.

Mr. Gloag says that one of his objects is to help his readers to relate the achievements of the past to the new architecture arising today, about which, incidentally, he is very optimistic. He produces some interesting parallels, as, for instance, between ancient Alexandria and Manhattan, as examples of grid-planning on narrow, water-girt sites, or between Venice and, again, New York, as instances of cities which had to build upwards because they could not build outwards. Nor is he afraid of an unorthodox assessment, as, for example, that caryatides 'illustrate a rare lapse in the taste and judgement of Greek architects', a view which the present reviewer has long shared.

Here, then, is a book with some sterling merits. Unfortunately the author's intelligence seems sometimes to be greater than his knowledge, so that there are also some rather notable deficiencies. The proportions are curious: though claiming to be a guide to 'Western' architecture, the Renaissance in England receives decidedly more space than in all the other countries together. Portugal is omitted entirely, and the Baroque and Rococo architecture of Germany receives only a few lines, while in a thirty-two page list, at the end, of the principal architects and their works, such major figures as J. B. Neumann and J. M. Fischer find no place. Despite the emphasis given to England, this list also fails to include Roger Pratt or William Talman, though admitting such questionable names as William of Wykeham and Alan of Walsingham.

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Some of the omissions and mistakes tend to undermine confidence. For instance, the regular planning of Winchelsea by Edward I is mentioned without so much as a reference to the *bastides*, the little chess-board-planned wine-towns of Gascony which were its prototype. One reads with some surprise that 'in England the Gothic style developed . . . much later than upon the Continent', since in fact it developed earlier in England than anywhere except France: that 'Early English . . . lasted until the early fourteenth century, then giving place to Decorated': and that Carcassonne is 'one of the best preserved of the fortified towns of Europe'. Has our author, one wonders, only seen it from a distance, and not heard of Viollet-le-Duc? Ridge-tiles and plain tiles are confused with pantiles. And so on. Mr. Gloag has read widely, but there is too much quotation, including several longish passages from works of his own. Statements such as 'St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is Sir Christopher Wren's greatest building' suggest that this book is really primarily intended for the American market. There it may well qualify for a more enthusiastic welcome.

The Strange Islands

By Thomas Merton.

Hollis and Carter. 15s.

A Dead Sparrow. By Brian Giles.

Abelard-Schuman. 12s. 6d.

A Beginning. By Dom Moraes.

Parton Press. 8s. 6d.

It is seven or eight years since Thomas Merton's famous autobiography, *Elected Silence*, told of his conversion to Catholicism and of his becoming a Trappist monk in America. In the epilogue to that spiritual journey he described the struggle between his new contemplative self and his old writing self, still driven by his daemon to continue. He spoke too of his being encouraged, against his will, by his Superiors, to pursue his vocation from within the walls of the abbey of Gethsemani. One had hopes therefore of something really individual appearing, or nothing at all. Now here is a new collection the keystone of which is a morality play extremely well written in the manner of Mr. Eliot's 'The Rock'. Mr. Merton's individual poems have stimulating titles such as 'How to enter a big city' or 'Exploits of a machine age' but the poems themselves do not sustain their titles. Although they are always mildly interesting they are rhythmically vapid; their interest lies rather in what has happened to the creative powers of the poet. He seems unable to express in terms of poetry more than an inkling of that spiritual serenity one must imagine him to be in process of attaining. His poems at present lack any sense of experience: the world has been put aside—what has taken its place? The poems read like translations from another tongue, which in a sense is what they are. It is therefore for other than purely poetic reasons that this book is worth considering: as a social document, keeping that autobiography in view, it is well worth study.

Mr. Brian Giles and Mr. Dom Moraes on the other hand are worth reading for strictly poetic reasons. Both these are first books. Mr. Giles is in his middle thirties, Mr. Moraes is still a minor. As one would expect, Mr. Giles is by far the more accomplished writer. He has

lucidity and grace of diction; a rhythm and sense of form which are continuously alive; and a remarkable command over his medium.

Ah, but at long last, suppose,
Suppose that at long last
Those lost and long-loved last
Days, supposed never to return,
Return?

Should the shocked and shaking heart unlock,
Unlock an old forsaken place, would not
You find a cold place, would not
You find the heart you thought frozen,
Frozen?

Mr. Giles is a classical scholar, and there are no doubt many readers who may find his clarity, and the lyrical impulse of his verse too pleasurable; but there is nothing facile about the work save a tendency to write that sort of once-fashionable psychological gloss on mythical figures—'Europa', 'Orpheus'—which we can well do without now. At its best this controlled and temperate talent is one to admire and enjoy.

Mr. Moraes is a young Indian who writes in a ripe romantic idiom which is not so many light years away from the Georgian stars as he might wish. Certainly though, he has a remarkable flair for our language, and his poems (as they ought to be) are mortared with death, loneliness, dreams and nostalgias. He is at his best when he has a subject: 'Sailing to England' or 'the masseur from Ceylon, whose balding head/Gives him a curious look of tenderness'. Otherwise his poems are apt to meander. There is, however, a distinct possibility that Mr. Moraes may one day write poems which will be both individual and memorable.

The Earth We Live On. By Ruth Moore. Cape. 28s.

Miss Moore has two impressive gifts as a scholar and author. One is a remarkable grasp of geology without being a professional geologist; the other is an ability to present this account of geological discovery in readable form without any shunning of difficult material or lapse in scholarly approach. These gifts were apparent in her earlier book, *Man, Time and Fossils*, and they emerge again in the three hundred pages of *The Earth We Live On*. It is pleasant to acclaim a literary achievement as well as interesting subject matter, and the book gains also from the relevant photographs and from Sue Allen's attractive drawings. The note on sources at the end and a reasonable index are other assets.

There are four main parts: Myth and Reason, An Unsuspected Past, Hidden Change, and Into Invisible Forces. In these the writer traces clearly the emergence of the great body of geological knowledge. She refers often to Sir Archibald Geikie's *Founders of Geology*, and indeed the whole framework of her book owes something to this classic. But her own range of inquiry into geological literature is considerable, and geologists and laymen will respect and enjoy her appreciation of many technical and difficult topics. The dual pattern of the chapters, that is the discussion of a geological theme and of the outstanding and relevant scholar or scholars associated with it, is successful: for example, chapter seven on glaciation is entitled: 'Agassiz: Ice!' and justifies the title.

Of course, geological and physiographical readers, with their own preoccupations and

specialisations, will make criticisms and find gaps. It is reasonable to forecast further editions, and even bearing in mind that the book is for the general reader, we would ask Miss Moore to expand some of her treatment of Part III. The findings of the great American scholars and field workers, W. M. Davis and G. K. Gilbert, deserve comment; so also does the work of the German, Wegener, on drifting continents, and the recent views of the Swiss and other continental geologists on the structure of the Alps. But these suggestions of further completing a fine piece of work should not detract from the enjoyment of it as it now stands; nor from the congratulations due to Miss Moore. Many a Cambridge reader may note with satisfaction the solid contributions made by his university to one of the major natural sciences.

Literary Biography. By Leon Edel. Hart-Davis. 10s. 6d.

The great interest of these lectures which Dr. Edel delivered at the University of Toronto in 1956 is that they are the consideration of a particular aspect of biographical art, i.e., the 'writing of the lives of men and women who were themselves writers'. As we know, Dr. Edel is an expert craftsman in this art and his thinking has its origin in his own work on the life of Henry James. These are discourses and it is right that Dr. Edel has left them in this form, for they communicate that controlled enthusiasm which belongs to a workman's talk when he is meditating aloud on his tools and materials and measuring his own experience against the tradition of his predecessors. Such fascinating personal experience is to be found in the second lecture, where the search for material, its sifting and its significant ordering is described: how, for example, the chance reading of a medical text-book turns up an anonymous case-history which converging evidence proved to be that of James himself; and how, one clue leading to another, it was found possible to discover and establish some very early stories which James had rigorously excluded from his collected works.

When Dr. Edel is exploring such matters, he speaks with authority and clears the way for the formulation of critical standards. His discussion of the classical literary biographies such as Boswell or Geoffrey Scott's *Portrait of Zélide* is fresh and illuminating, and his analysis of Virginia Woolf's *Orlando* brings into sharp relief the biographer's problem of recording time—'human and psychological as distinct from clock time'.

The central problems of Dr. Edel's subject are the contribution of literary criticism to literary biography, and the use and scope of psycho-analytic theory. How much of the writer can be detected in his work, and to what degree the work has been determined by psychological factors are the questions which distinguish literary from commemorative biography. Dr. Edel will only allow literary criticism a limited use: 'If the work cannot be dissolved into a life', he writes, 'it can offer us something of the . . . texture of that life'. Dr. Edel is similarly cautious when he comes to consider psycho-analysis. His conclusion is that since art triumphs over neurosis and literature over life, psycho-analysis can be relegated to the status of a subservient heuristic and the literary biographer must remain in control. This, as far

as it goes, is true; but the battle for status might have been settled with less prim self-satisfaction on Dr. Edel's part if Jean Delay's 'psycho-biographie', *La Jeunesse d'André Gide*, had been available when he wrote his lectures. These two massively documented volumes make it clear

that no literary biographer, if he wishes to come at the truth of his subject, can now neglect an exploration 'in depth' of the *échec* which conditions the imaginative works a writer is constrained to produce, the defeat-in-life which only the techniques of the analyst can effectively

penetrate. Sainte-Beuve defined literary biography as '*l'histoire naturelle des esprits*'; Jean Delay, in one of the great humanist works of our time, has shown that such biography can become an instrument of advance in man's knowledge of himself.

New Novels

Claudine in Paris. By Colette. Secker and Warburg. 13s. 6d.

The Man on the Rock. By Francis King. Longmans. 15s.

The Obsession of Emmet Booth. By Katrin Holland (Martha Albrand). Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

After the Rain. By John Bowen. Faber. 15s.

NO news is good news, but no Colette is a bad Colette and *Claudine in Paris* is news too, news about boys and girls. Old news if you like, for it saw the light of day in the first year of the present century; but it is still surprising, apple-bright, healthily shocking. Perhaps with no other author do we so much feel that what we are about to hear is not a story, not a social document, but secrets. Claudine is seventeen. Her father, bearded Jove-like savant of slugs, moves his household *en bloc*—not a large household, consisting solely as it does of Claudine, himself, a Juliet's nurse and the white cat Fanchette—from most rural France into the heart of Paris. Claudine meets previously unguessed-at relatives, principally a very pretty boy-cousin of her own age, and his father, a greying but fascinating womaniser. Fanchette pines in the enforced cat-nunnery of a Parisian flat—it was not like this in Montigny—until the Juliet's nurse procures a dashing tom for her. Thereafter she waxes gravid and gives birth. Human problems are not arranged so easily. The boy-cousin, Marcel, is much too pretty to interest himself in girls; he loves a big dark bounder called Charlie who gives him a frilly cravat in buttercup *crêpe-de-chine* semé with pearls. Claudine and Marcel strike up a strictly brotherly-sisterly alliance. Now come secrets. They agree to swap them, the secrets of Sodom for the secrets of Lesbos. Marcel's father on the other hand, cannot stand Marcel, still less Charlie, still less cravats in *crêpe-de-chine*. Claudine stands divided between them, the woman-like and the woman-loving.

I shall certainly not go on from here. Get it for yourself. Nor shall I waste patience and wordage in indulging in supererogatory 'criticism'. Colette's good wine does not need my bush. Only I will remark, in case there should be any lingering doubt about it, that in her day Colette was the cleanest-minded woman in Europe. And that, if the ending is a little sugary, a little sentimental, a little dated, I for one don't care.

Back to the immorality of 'morality', and adolescence of a less attractive sort. The hero of Mr. Francis King's *The Man on the Rock* is Spiro, a young Greek. He is a professional parasite, battenning first on a dear platonic little American fairy (a brilliant characterisation this), then a rich Englishwoman of a certain age (less sharply seen), and finally the rather colourless Greek heiress whom he marries (sketchy). An odious character. The blurb tells us, however, that he has 'charm' and that the reader will fall victim to it. It is hardly true. The fascination of the repulsive would be more like it. The blurb's second effort is distinctly better: Spiro is 'bitter, imaginative, cynical, and

highly intelligent'. He is indeed, and much praise is due to Mr. King for showing how these qualities, without the grace of charity, can add up to no more than the equipment of a small-time crook. If Spiro has charm, apart from the wryly humorous detachment with which he views men and events (for he is the narrator, as well as the hero), it might be thought to lie in the fact that he is not without feeling, that in spite of his merciless manipulation of his puppet-victims to his own ends he is not without compassion for their lot. I would not agree and neither (I imagine) would Mr. King. The almost sensual enjoyment of emotion for its own sake, and without the least intention of implementing it with the material actions that, if truly felt, it would logically dictate, is just the sort of very nasty cream that adequately tops off a particularly nasty bun.

Mr. King is not an exciting writer. But he is steady, and his vision is remarkably 3-D. Flashbacks to Spiro's boyhood show how 'juvenile delinquency' can only be understood against a background of social chaos, greater or less. A photographically memorable passage describes the purely bloody-minded, politically pointless, destruction of Spiro's village by Communist partisans; the massacre of its inhabitants including Spiro's parents, the village priest and his wife; the capture (for recruits and hostages) of Spiro himself and other village boys too young yet to be called men. But (Mr. King would insist between the lines) this is only an explanation of Spiro, of how his delinquency comes to be brought to the surface until it is his controlling feature; it is not an excuse. He is self-revealed as a not particularly pleasant little boy long before that. In other circumstances, however, he would have grown up to play his part like anyone else *within* the social scheme. A grasping farmer, a too-sharp entrepreneur, who knows? But not, at any rate, a Mediterranean spiv.

These are only reflections, but it is a tribute to *The Man on the Rock* that it should arouse them: it is so lifelike that one begins to rest theories upon it as though it were indeed life. Its only weak feature is in the presentation of Spiro as narrator. Mr. King (who, I am sure, is honest, thoughtful, sincere, and financially impeccable) is evidently moved to the contemplation of Spiro because, precisely, he is none of these things. It is the fascination of the anti-type. But the voice of Mr. King sounds all too clearly, on numerous occasions, as an angelic descant to the sublunary ground-bass of his fallen hero. Many of the asides—particularly those which reflect upon the national characteristics of the Greeks—can all too evidently only be those of the author. For, were Spiro really

capable of making them, he would be rendered in the same instant morally incapable of the actions he chooses to perform.

The Obsession of Emmet Booth is, to use a convenient but nasty term, a 'psychological thriller'. Miranda Page, slim, subtle, of a strangely unconventional beauty, etc., etc., has been married for umpteen years to her professor husband. He, she, they are experts on Ikhnaton, of all odd things. (Has Miss Albrand, one just wonders in passing, the least conception of the scholarly equipment involved in being an expert on Ikhnaton? Hieroglyphics, my dear, and all that. Or perhaps she means by 'expert', as so many of her fellow Americans appear to mean, 'a popular re-arranger of the scholarly results of others'). Enter Emmet Booth, self-made multi-millionaire, emotionally arrested, starved of beauty, infinitely devious and cunning in obtaining it. He falls in love with Miranda. Then, as luck would have it, her husband dies. And Emmet Booth, knowing that Miranda has belonged heart and soul to her husband, has never looked at nor thought about another man, knowing, too, that he himself is equally unattractive in looks and in personality, sets out by means of every device of pathos, appeals to pity, to the comradeship of suffering, to generosity, and especially by means of those devices available only to people who have all the money in the world with which to pursue them, to make her his own.

This is really a solidier and more gripping piece of work than my rather frivolous *résumé* might suggest. Miss Albrand has been known hitherto as a writer of 'straight' thrillers, and her mastery of that trade does not desert her: the timing, the manipulation, the suspense, leave nothing to be desired. As a result of this, perhaps, the situations sometimes seem more actual than the persons involved in them. Emmet Booth is a satisfactory villain, and the way in which his cold-blooded playing upon pity is allowed to co-exist with his perfectly genuine need for pity, is especially well conceived; Miranda, on the other hand, is just not quite credible. If I mock, it is because the whole affair is so ineffably solemn. Miranda and her creatrix are with the best will in the world, let's face it, the most howling intellectual snobs, with the lack of actual genuine intellectuality that always accompanies that condition.

And now I wanted to say something nice about Mr. John Bowen's *After the Rain*, a diluvian science fiction, with lots of good talk and queer happenings upon a modern ark, and a splendid megalomaniac called 'the god Arthur': but 'Do read it!' is all I can manage, for, once again, my wordage has magically frittered away.

HILARY CORKE

Base story

(which took a turn for the better)

In making photographic film, the most expensive item is the film base, which doubtless sounds extremely simple and logical.

What is (or rather, was) somewhat less logical is that the British film industry, after the war, paid out alarming sums in dollars each year in order to import this film base ("something like celluloid" to you perhaps, but *cellulose triacetate* to the more technically minded).

This formidable drain on our national resources had to be stopped. And it was stopped—at a cost, but thankfully, in sterling.

Briefly, we at Ilford, in conjunction with BX Plastics, undertook to make this base. Apart

from a small pilot plant which had been operated in Britain during the war, we had little technical 'know-how'. Certainly not the know-how required for making film base on a large scale and thus creating an important new industry in Britain. We had to work out the processes, and design and build the plant ourselves. The job involved a vast technical effort and an investment in our beliefs of something over £2,000,000.

Today at the Bexford plant we are making, still in conjunction with BX Plastics, the whole of the Ilford needs for film base. In fact, we are even selling to the U.S.A.

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

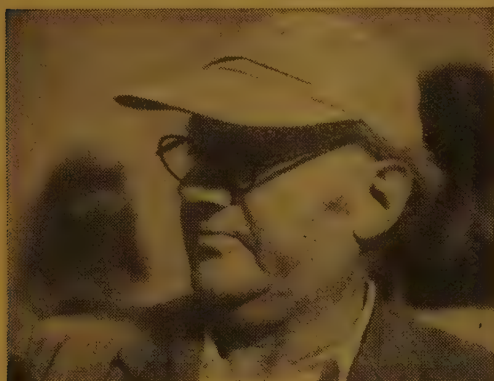
Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Regular Features

OVER THE YEARS in television certain promontories have established themselves, immutable points by which we orientate ourselves on the hebdomadal map provided by *Radio Times*, whatever landslides and eruptions may occur elsewhere. Of the News, of the Epilogue, of



Sir Jacob Epstein in 'Monitor' on February 2, the first of a series of programmes on the arts

much of Children's Television—to take the three obvious instances—one can always be sure; the ground is firm, the boundary clear. For this reason, comment about them, save on rare occasions, seems a little irrelevant. And there are slightly less essential items that have this same stability of giving a regular and useful service—'Short Cuts', 'Gardening Club', even on another level 'The Brains Trust' (a kind of mental short cut)—one passes them over in a silence which should by no means be interpreted as unappreciative.

Further inland, nearer the interior, still perhaps only half-explored at the most, things are much less clearly charted; border disputes break out every week: no convenient river-line marks where 'Tonight' ends and 'Panorama' begins, and there are several points where both may find themselves trespassing unwittingly on territory that belongs by right to 'Behind the Headlines'. Too much overlapping could become tedious, but the occasional clash is surely to be welcomed. It was instructive on Thursday to compare 'Tonight's' backward-looking treatment of the twenty-fifth year after Hitler's accession to power with the views and interviews with Germans from Berlin by a man on the spot in 'Behind the Headlines' which, incidentally, two nights earlier gave a quick summing-up of the Turkish trouble in Cyprus. All of these three regular programmes have this in common: they are dealing in one way or another with what is in the news, but 'Behind the Headlines' aims to deal with news while it is still 'hot'.

Late on Sunday night Huw Wheldon set out at the head of an adventurous team in 'Monitor', the first of a new fortnightly magazine series, to stake and work a fresh terrain. *Radio Times* described the venture as presenting 'a variety of interesting topics that might loosely be called non-political and non-sociological', which I take to be a way of avoiding those dirty words, the arts, but, as Mr. Wheldon explained, it is mainly concerned with the people involved in the arts. Among them, Kingsley Amis talked fascinatingly about the heroes of his three novels and explained that in an odd sort of way they were all moral at heart. Some of the first-night audience at 'Cat on a Hot Tin Roof' were questioned by Alan Brien, and produced some eloquently incoherent reactions, and in the studio Peter Hall and Gore Vidal, who both came to the conclusion that in a naive and odd sort of way Tennessee was a highly moral writer. Peter Brook gave an engrossing demonstration of his own experiments with *musique concrète* or 'quarter ear music' as he calls it, and made a good case for its use in the theatre with a short excerpt from 'The Tempest'. Epstein was heard making one of his rare public utterances, and a film without commentary said a lot about the circus.

Putting the arts across on television is a formidable task: the artists tend to be cagey about their work, critics dull, and too many gimmicks and off-beat ideas, tedious. 'Monitor' avoided these dangers while being refreshingly unlike any other magazine on television. One looks forward hopefully to the next edition.

It is, as many a young man has found, a dangerously short step from the arts to the profession of advertising, and this controversial topic came up in a lively 'Press Conference', where some leading journalists and an academic researcher had no qualms about biting the hand that after all feeds them today in the fierce inquisition to which they subjected their guest, Sir Frederick Hooper. Sir Frederick survived the grilling with great urbanity. His shrewd refusal to be drawn on points where he was not sure of

the facts is a move that should recommend itself to many visitors to this programme. His main concern was to justify the astronomical weekly expenditure on advertising. He was perhaps less happy when facing a three-pronged attack on why prices were not lowered in the case of products where advertising was at its most intense and extravagant.

Is a questioning panel of four too many? I wondered about this while peeping in on the other channel where Wolf Mankowitz, in a weekly series of interviews, has been showing the advantages of having just one inquisitor. His bout this week with Mr. Frank Cousins went more deeply into Mr. Cousins' outlook than did the recent 'Press Conference' and in half the time. In a foursome too many hares get started, and the viewer becomes irritated by the disjointed nature of the discussion.

In grumbling last week that the B.B.C. cameras were blind to winter sports I fear that I cried before I was hurt. In fact, in the past few days we have had our fill of both skiing and skating in several relays from Bad Gastein and Bratislava on the Eurovision link, which have been excellent technically and have given great pleasure.

How much does this kind of O.B. coverage encourage the sedentary viewer to get up and do it himself? To turn to a slightly less dangerous form of movement, there seems little doubt that the present boom in ballroom dancing owes much to Television Dancing Club, which has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. This is another of those flourishing fixtures, and there could hardly be a more benevolent instructor than Victor Silvester.

ANTHONY CURTIS

DRAMA

Assorted Sizes

SHAW's 'Heartbreak House', written between 1913 and 1916 and not produced till 1921, was, on its first appearance, greeted derisively in some quarters. Shaw insisted on such leisurely performance that the length seemed enormous and the impatient grumbled that it got nowhere; this was Jawbreak House. But as playgoers later became used to Chekhov, as well as used to G.B.S., his mockery of a Bohemian chatter-box home was accepted as normal Shaw and certainly excellent in parts. But now, when we are living more dangerously than anybody could imagine in 1921, Captain Shotover's vision of doom has lost its apocalyptic urgency. Yet the talk, whether of sex or State, and however ample, can still hold us on the screen. It is a blessed change at a time when it is thought very clever to be very cloudy, to get back to Shaw's shining clarity.

So the heartbreak, and jawbreak, on board Captain Shotover's ship, as steered in production by Michael Barry, was agreeable to the intelligence, if not exceptional as performance. The players all knew their numerous lines, a considerable feat; none improved on my



The Harold Webb Formation Team (Southampton) giving a demonstration during Television Dancing Club's tenth anniversary on January 27

memories of past theatrical renderings, but that, too, would have been remarkable. Mark Dignam gave us a comparatively gentle Captain: there was no fanatical glare in the eye and little fire in the belly of the crazy old 'sage.' Diana Churchill properly glittered as Lady Utterword, Judy Campbell fluttered gracefully as Hesione, Tony Britton made an admirable figure of Hector the Humbug, and William Mervyn did well with the great baby that is Boss Mangan. Josephine Stuart as Ellie the Idealist began well but developed a sing-song note. Why, I wondered, was the setting so much less maritime than in Shaw's stage-directions? But never mind: it is a play of words and the words were aptly spoken. Two hours of G.B.S. are not too long.

The time-allowance for television plays might surely be more elastic than it is. I know there may be difficulties in advance programme-planning if producers suddenly say that their piece would be far better if fifteen minutes shorter. Yet I do not see any cause for the general addiction to the ninety-minute schedule which frequently makes gaiety outstay its welcome.

There was a case of that in Margot Neville's 'Heroes Don't Care' (February 1). Here was a Saturday-night pleasantries about a polar explorer, played with entertaining pomposity by Clive Morton. Stranded with him in Norway before a trip to the Pole are an astonishingly ill-chosen crew of fellow-venturers as well as his bored and beautiful wife (Rona Anderson). She is a lady not for freezing; she has no use for months in a sleeping-bag amid the eternal snows. There is also a dithering stores-clerk (Leslie Phillips) who has cold feet at the very thought of cold feet: also a woman aeronaut (Faith Brook) who means to muscle in on the excursion. The nervous clerk would gladly give her his place. Is not the explorer's wife staying behind too?

Nobody could be expected to believe a word of this, but nobody need have failed to enjoy a certain amount of it. For it was brightly written and well launched on its thin ice by Hal Burton. But, because the limited jest had to be kept going for ninety minutes, instead of sixty or seventy-five, there was some hampering repetition and re-whipping of the frothy mixture. Otherwise, it was good

fun, with the men nicely absurd and the women nicely intriguing.

The week had begun well with John Mortimer's 'I Spy' (January 28), which was perfectly timed for forty minutes. We can rely on Mr. Mortimer for something ingeniously different in writing and on Donald Pleasence for something sharply distinctive in performance. In this case, the latter played a Divorce Court 'Observer' ordered to trail a runaway wife and to that end taking a job beside her on the staff of a sea-side hotel. It was obvious that the snooper would soon be mated to the decent little woman on whom he was hired to spy; but the handling of the story, as written by John Mortimer and produced by Douglas Allen, was fresh and persuasive. Donald Pleasence, as the forlorn spy, plod-



Mark Dignam as Captain Shotover and Diana Churchill as Lady Utterword in 'Heartbreak House' on February 2

an hour with him and his team went rapidly, and refreshingly, by.
IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

The Royal Figure

THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY broadcast in the Third Programme last week has practically earned itself an alternative title, 'King John—or Lost in the Wash'. Producers and actors go to work on it, and not often at that, with scholarly storm-clouds louring o'er their heads. Did not E. K. Chambers severely say that 'neither Constance nor the Bastard can really redeem the incoherent patchwork from ineffectiveness'? Have not successive stagings proved him right? The notices for Douglas Seale's production at Stratford-upon-Avon last season, which was recorded for the broadcasts last week, read like Muggeridge on monarchy. *The Times* was astonished that

a sense of turbid power seeps through the structural flaws of a history which seems unable to fix a focal point for its long iteration of defiance and denunciation.

The Observer massacred the principal characters:

The monarch himself is a feeble waverer; Constance is a Niagara of self-pity; and the Bastard is a hero only if truculent opportunism is heroic.

The Sunday Times congratulated the producer on having got away from rather than with the play:

In the long roll of English kings there is hardly a monarch less suitable than John for making the eye dazzle with pride, or the breast swell with love of country. In conventional productions of the piece this essential inner contradiction is never resolved. Mr. Seale's conception of the play does not resolve it either. It simply passes it by, and by imposing on the text another and deeply poetic feeling makes it fortunately irrelevant.

It is, I fear, true that Mr. Seale—for whose productions of the other Histories I have an ardent admiration—has failed to find a dramatic unity in the play. What is left to admire is what he has done with the pieces, which is quite something. There is Robert Harris, in tremendous form, as an increasingly exciting and curiously sympathetic villain-king. There is Alec



Scene from 'Heroes Don't Care' on February 1, with (left to right) Rona Anderson as Lady Blackenham, Clive Morton as Sir Edward, Peter Rosser as George Morris, Glyn Houston as Leonard Woods, Leslie Phillips as Tom Gregory, and Jack Stewart as Dr. McIlwaine

ding on so dutifully with a hated task in a haze of catarrh and kitchen-smells, until he discovered that he had a heart as well as a notebook, was superb; and Brenda Bruce, as the woman in the case, a common, cheery 'good sort', had the part she can play to perfection.

There was nothing local, nothing of an English Western, about 'Shut Out the Night', which came from the West of England Studios (January 30). It was a 'killer-in-the-cupboard' piece in which all the characters, from the Police Inspector to the crazy strangler, appeared to behave as stupidly as possible. Indeed, the insane character showed the most signs of sanity. Once more did that infallible player of Inspector parts, Arnold Bell, win our confidence by his acting, while his author, Ray Rigby, made him say and do things likely to get the poor man the sack from any police force. This piece might have seemed rather long, however short it had been cut.

Benny Hill is one of the Saturday show experts and an actor as well as a clown, having a wide command of Cockney accents and a rich sense of seedy character. On February 1



Donald Pleasence (standing) as Mr. Frute and Gerald Cross as the lawyer in 'I Spy' on January 28

Clunes, candying the Bastard's careerism with manly charm, well-nigh proving Middleton Murry's case that this character 'by his being dwarfs the figures and events of history in "King John"'. There is Joan Miller, pouring out cataracts of lacerated lamentation as Constance. But what is it all about? If Mr. Seale thought it added up he did not hand in his answer. His production proved the case his critics were expected to make and duly did.

In short space I can only open a case for the unity of 'King John'. Our chaotic theatre always isolates the play, but it is in fact one of a series of ten. Shakespeare was about half-way through that series when he wrote it, by which time he must surely have been concerned with some sort of overall unity. 'King John' would have to stand rather apart as prologue-play; and prologue to what sort of omen coming on? I quote, with enthusiasm, Una Ellis-Fermor:

Methuselah and the Flying Dutchman apart, obviously no character could hope to begin as the contemporary of John and end as that of Richard III... Can we distinguish... something which relates what would else be isolated units, causing them to illuminate each other and to contribute, each in turn, some indispensable part of a whole whose balance would be impaired without it?... It will not be found in the generally prevailing mood of nationalism... nor in any single character. The central and continuous image in these plays, more specific than a mood, more comprehensive than a character, is, I believe, a composite figure...

Professor Ellis-Fermor, who was writing on 'Shakespeare's Political Plays', defines the composite figure as the 'statesman-king'. For more general poetic purposes we might call it 'the royal figure'.

Anyway, if the unifying element in the main series has to be a composite figure, a main function of the prologue play would be to get us used to that sort of notion. In searching in vain for an acceptable protagonist-character, criticism is looking for what ought not to be there. The play is a royal coat-of-arms, its quartering the figures of John and Constance, Arthur and Faulconbridge; a heraldic shield hung in a high hall of history, behind which we may imagine the arm of the immortal royal figure, for whom our legendary name is Arthur, the king that was and the king that shall be, the composite hero of Shakespeare's vision of England's history.

Looked at in this way, 'King John' seems to make artistic sense. The dramatic focus shifts, in successive Acts, from the patriotic usurper who wears the crown, to the kinswoman who achieves royalty of spirit in the depths of grief, to the royal boy who gazes on the blinding-iron until it cools, and to the transfiguration of Coeur de Lion's offspring into the embodiment of royal leadership, who yet must bow his knee to the dead king's heir.

But when Constance is only 'a Niagara of grief', however powerfully passionate; when Arthur is played by a modern boy who has pathos but not a tenth of the virtuosity of an Elizabethan boy-actor; and when the Bastard is heroic from the start instead of letting the English lion's heart rouse in him only at the sight of young Arthur's body—then 'King John' does seem an 'incoherent patchwork', however gloriously purple the patches; and everyone blames Shakespeare. Next time 'King John' is done, let it be by someone who believes he knew his business.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Winged Words

THE 'ILIAD' almost certainly began as spoken word: but it very soon became Europe's first great literary, that is, written, masterpiece. It

has indeed been suggested that the Greek alphabet—the first separating of syllables into letters, the final splitting of the phonetic atom—was invented in order to write down the Homeric classics.

Now the Third, Sunday by Sunday, is turning the 'Iliad' back into speech. I have heard two of these programmes, though I can't pretend that the winged words found in me a very ready target. The translation is by various hands. On the whole, of the Homeric qualities listed by Arnold, directness has been achieved, nobility and rapidity not. Nobility may be too much to hope for, but something could have been done to stop the thing going quite so slowly. This is partly a matter of the reading: on the whole, I found it adequate in narration, but some of the heroes' speeches were throatily hammed in what was presumably meant to be the grand manner but which sounded less like swift epic than line-hogging repertory melodrama.

As for the language, the original is so highly stylised that it is no use trying to generalise about the equally impossible tasks of putting it into a vernacular or a 'literary' English: the present translators use both: 'baldric', 'accoutred', and 'wrought' on the one hand, and 'she's a damn sight better all round' on the other. But proper names ought to be tidied up: why call the two Ajaxes the Aiantes, unless you are going to call Ajax Aias? This project deserves commendation for a truly Homeric ambition, but I am so far unconvinced that very long narrative poetry—even if it didn't have to leap the additional immense hurdle of translation—is ideal radio material.

Hopkins' poem 'The Wreck of the *Deutschland*' contains, but is not primarily, narrative ('its principal business', wrote the author, 'is lyrical'), and Sir John Gielgud gave a superbly controlled reading of it in the Third Programme. Before the poem, we heard extracts from *The Times* about the actual shipwreck, the prose facts which Hopkins transmuted. *The Deutschland*, bound for New York with German emigrants, ran aground on the Kentish Knock in a snowstorm in December, 1875. For thirty hours she lay off our coast, her signals seen and answered, but by the time a rescue ship reached her, getting on for half the 200 people aboard were dead.

An unsavoury controversy followed this tardy rescue: but none of the long-forgotten arguments we heard revived ever found their way into Hopkins' poem, which concentrates on the central faith and strength of five nuns who were among the dead, and turns a tragic human muddle into a passionate hymn of spiritual triumph. The programme showed how a poet's mind may purify the events it works on. Few of us would have bothered to do the research which demonstrated this, and none of the printed editions, so far as I know, has more than a sentence or two about the shipwreck itself. And few of us could realise the poem for ourselves as magnificently as Gielgud. By juxtaposing reality and art, radio became creative, offering a new illumination of a masterpiece.

To many people Hitler's name conjures up aural as much as visual images: the raucous hysterical voice, amplified by loudspeakers, of the first great tyrant of the wireless age. In a programme on Wednesday (Home), the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Hitler's accession to power, we heard recollections by people who could say—as which of us can't?—that 'Hitler changed Our Lives'. Perhaps we have heard and read this kind of testimony a bit too often by now. Didn't this anniversary call for something more compelling and original than these familiar stories of disillusion and exile? It all sounded—and I mean no disrespect to the speakers who lived the experiences they described—almost casual, even perfunctory. The most effective

voice was that of Hitler himself, used as a sort of incidental theme-tune: a voice, as the narrator said, harmless now, a record from the past. But that reminder was powerful and salutary, and twenty-five years was suddenly not a long time. Perhaps the record of Hitler speaking can still reinforce, in the minds of those unable or unwilling to remember the time when the voice wasn't just a record, all the millions of words which have now been said and spoken about the Nazi regime.

On Sunday, in the Third Programme, Bertrand Russell propounded a theory about the difference between the external world of the physicists which we infer and the private world of our own perceptions. The full text is printed elsewhere in this issue. But I don't see why I shouldn't comment on it as a radio performance. What masterly clarity, so that even the layman could follow, spellbound. What winged words!

K. W. GRANSDEN

MUSIC

Queens of Song

NOTHING IN LAST WEEK'S musical programmes gave me more pleasure than Lady Harty's reminiscences of Kirkby Lunn and the sound of that well-remembered voice. What a glorious voice it was! Its warmth and velvet texture were well preserved in the old acoustic recordings. Listeners could hear in the air from 'Samson et Dalila', in Mozart's 'Non più di fiori' and in 'He shall feed his flock' something of Kirkby Lunn's range and the purity of her style. Her great dramatic power, which made her Amneris the most impressive as well as the most beautifully sung in my experience—and I must have heard it nearly a dozen times between 1913 and her retirement—could hardly be adequately represented on a record, even by 'O don fatale'. Her partnership with Destinn, to whose silvery voice hers was the perfect complement, made 'Aida' in those days memorable indeed.

Lady Harty, whose own enunciation was a model of clearness based upon a mastery of the art of singing declamation, drew attention to Kirkby Lunn's evenness of tone produced by the 'bel canto style'. This style, she gave us to understand, was quite easy to acquire, provided that you had the natural capacity for it. It was simply a matter of floating the tone, the words on the breath. Put like that, it certainly sounds easy. But, one asks, why is it that, if the *bel canto* style is so easily acquired, it is almost, if not quite, unknown today? I suspect that a lot of hard work, much more than most singers nowadays are prepared to undertake, contributed to the formation of Kirkby Lunn's style, and especially to the complete elimination of any break or change of quality in the tone at any point in her wide compass.

Nor will Lady Harty persuade me that her own beautiful declamation of speech with the voice pitched exactly right is nothing more than a natural gift. It is, of course, 'second nature' to her now, but it must have been acquired originally by dint of years of practice. It is certainly not the speech one hears nowadays in Cheltenham, where I see she was born. This talk, so generous and full of humour, made me regret the more that I missed the previous talk she gave about another of her contemporaries, the soprano Agnes Nicholls, whose Brünnhilde, especially the awakening Brünnhilde in 'Siegfried', is among my most precious memories.

I have borrowed the title of this article from the reissued recording of another voice famous in those days. Clara Butt was a lesser artist and it was easy to smile at her gigantesque ability to compete with the Grenadier Guards' band and full chorus in Hyde Park. But if her voice was a strange phenomenon rather than a beautiful sound, she too had complete control of it. There

is no break to be heard in quality between those low, almost baritone notes and the upper part of her range. One cannot help contrasting with it the two voices of Conchita Supervia, whose recordings of Rossini lately broadcast reveal a complete change of tone-quality between the upper and lower halves of the voice. Not that this seriously detracts from one's enjoyment of the singer's charm and sense of comedy.

Again, on the evening after Lady Harty's broadcast we heard another Spanish singer, the enchanting Victoria de los Angeles, singing *Lieder* by Brahms. Was her tone 'floated on the breath' in the sense that Kirkby Lunn's or Agnes Nicholls' was? Well, not really. The tone

came in little spurts rather than in a sustained line. Nor will it do to claim that German song needs a different style of singing. At the last recital she gave in the Wigmore Hall, Kirkby Lunn sang a group of Brahms in the *bel canto* style, which was the only one she knew, but coloured her tone to match the emotion of the words (just as she did in the recordings we heard last week), so that there could be no denying that she was a great interpreter of song as well as a great singer.

It is, perhaps, unfair to pick out a contemporary singer as an example of the faults of a generation. But Victoria de los Angeles has abundant countervailing qualities that make up

for the defect I have mentioned. Her singing of Brahms was otherwise enjoyable and the Spanish songs that followed were an unalloyed delight.

Brahms had another interpreter that evening in the Home Service when Jacqueline Delman sang a group of his folk songs as well as a group of Wolf. She was happier in the less sophisticated songs of Brahms, which she sang with just the right simplicity of manner and with an attractive and well-managed voice. Between the groups of songs the Janáček Quartet, on their first visit to this country, gave a splendid performance of Dvořák's Opus 51 in E flat. This is the kind of quartet playing, at once virile and poetic, of which we cannot hear too much.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Handel's 'Theodora'

By WINTON DEAN

'Theodora' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, February 10

IT is possible to see Handel's whole career as an unconscious search for the perfect dramatic form. Of his sixty-five largest works, operas and oratorios, all but half a dozen are theatrical in the strict sense. He was not permitted to stage the oratorios in the opera house; but there is ample evidence that he conceived most of them as fully articulated dramas, and they make their greatest impact when so presented. For that reason the policy of the Handel Opera Society, whose production of 'Theodora' will be broadcast this week, is to stage operas and oratorios alternately.

In structural flexibility and unity, though not in invention, the oratorios as a class are far superior to the operas, which were hampered by the conventions of *opera seria*, in particular the *da capo* aria, the banishment of the chorus, and the orientation upon the singer rather than the plot. When Handel late in life abandoned opera for oratorio, he was at last able to expand his genius to the full and develop a large-scale musico-dramatic form. He produced the nearest approach in musical history to the tragedy of the Greeks, which was indeed its direct ancestor. The oratorios deal, not with the labyrinthine yet trivial intrigues of the operas, but with the great universal themes that perplex humanity in every age. They are worked out with a classical detachment and a profound insight into human character; and the central binding agent is the chorus, which interprets the moral implications of the theme, but only by virtue of its own participation in the action. It is in this Aeschylean sense, and not in an Old Testament and still less a Christian spirit, that the great majority of the oratorios are religious works.

Apart from 'Messiah' Handel wrote only one English oratorio on a Christian subject—'Theodora', the last but one of the series and the most unsuccessful of all on its first production in 1750. It was the composer's favourite, and it remains one of the greatest of his neglected masterpieces. Here—and here alone—the Christian and the pagan classical world meet face to face. Edward Fitzgerald called Handel 'a good old pagan at heart', a remark that contains much truth. But he was also a practising Christian, especially in his later years; and only an artist at home in both worlds could have presented the struggle between them with such a blend of sympathy and emotional intensity. The conflict rages not only in the action but in the soul of the composer.

The subject is Diocletian's persecution of the Christians (about A.D. 304) and the martyrdom of the Christian virgin Theodora and her Roman admirer and convert Didymus at the hands of

Valens, prefect of Antioch. The librettist, Thomas Morell, found his source in Robert Boyle's romance, *The Martyrdom of Theodora and of Didymus* (1687), taking a few hints from Corneille's play on the same story. Although the language of the libretto is often feeble to the point of absurdity, its construction is firm and its characterisation consistent. It offered Handel a splendid theme and a genuine dramatic conflict worked out in terms of individuals, nations, and philosophies of life. Morell, however, could not resist loading the dice and assuming a tone of the utmost moral complacency. Handel may have been ready for this: it had happened in 'Alexander Balus', where he converted the self-righteous humbug of Morell's finale (complete with 'Hallelujah' chorus) into a dirge for the pagan queen Cleopatra, who had run away with Act III of the oratorio. 'Theodora' is the only other Handel oratorio to end in a minor key, and for the same reason. Handel could not see in the martyrdom of two young and heroic human beings an easy advertisement for the Christian Church; he treated it as a tragedy of innocence crushed by destiny. Macfarren's horrified attack on this chorus can be read in his preface to the Novello vocal score; yet Handel never wrote a profounder or more moving finale.

Throughout the oratorio he altered Morell's emphasis, especially in his treatment of the Romans. He refused to find anything repulsive in their sexual appetites, even in the brothel to which the recalcitrant Theodora is destined. Valens indeed is a tyrant, in whom the military energy and efficiency of Rome are unsoftened by pity or imagination; but the worshippers of Venus and Flora, though frivolous, are neither brutal nor vicious but carefree children of nature. Their music is based on homophony, dance rhythms, and warm instrumental colour. The Christian choruses are totally different in style, deriving an inner fervour from the friction of counterpoint; they convey vividly the illusion of a young religion, willing to sacrifice life for the cause. Theodora, though a born martyr (as her first air tells us), is no mere whitewashed heroine but one of the few authentic saints in dramatic music: the intense spiritual struggle of the first prison scene, expressed with great subtlety of design and tonality, reveals a nature that is saintly precisely because it is so human. Didymus too is a man of moral as much as physical courage. Handel wrote the part for alto voice, without a trace of the lively extroverted music proper to the conventional hero.

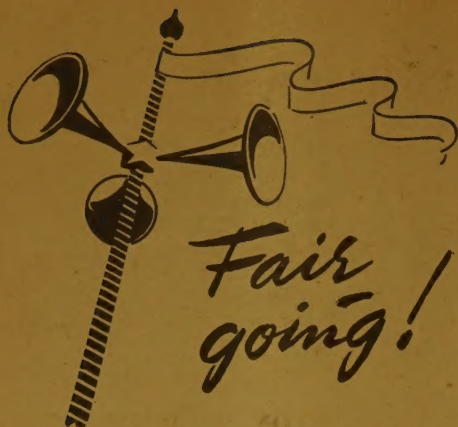
Not the least remarkable feature of 'Theo-

dora' is its carefully wrought plan in terms of key, mode, and tempo. It is an oratorio in G minor, in which it begins and ends: and each act is bounded by a closely related key. Within this framework Handel manipulates all the elements to a dramatic end. Of nineteen pieces sung exclusively by Roman characters, every one is in a major key except the chorus 'How strange their ends' in Act III, when the spectacle of Christian self-sacrifice jolts these pagans out of their comfortable hedonism. Of the twenty pieces sung by Christians, no fewer than fourteen—including eight of the nine in which Theodora herself takes part—are in minor keys, and so are the symphonies of the prison scene.

Similarly with the tempo: by far the greater part of the Christians' music is marked *largo* or *largo*, whereas the Roman music—with the striking exception of the chorus mentioned above—is all brisk in pace. Moreover each character tends to be associated with a particular tonality, and the increasing prominence of the minor mode after Act II, Scene I, reflects the gradual intensification of the conflict as it mounts to the tragic conclusion. These structural features may not force themselves on the ear—indeed they appear never to have been pointed out—but they undeniably contribute to the unity and the momentum of the oratorio.

Handel's genius, like Verdi's, continued to ripen in old age, and in both composers this extension of spiritual range embraced a mellow tone, a balance of detachment and intense participation, and a marvellous understanding of the joys and problems of youth. Already in 'Theodora' there is present the explicit theme of 'Jephtha', the necessity of man's submission to destiny; and in both these oratorios we can sometimes catch the voice of the ageing composer, struggling with his infirmities and facing in person the crises which he so wonderfully interpreted in his characters.

Act II of 'Theodora' with its six contrasted scenes, each contributing something vital to the plot, is perhaps the greatest single act in any of the oratorios. It closes with the B flat minor chorus 'He saw the lovely youth', when the Christians in their direst extremity recall the miracle of the Widow of Nain. The composer ranked this 'far beyond' the 'Messiah' Hallelujah, and he was surely right. If Handel's last two oratorios still retain the framework of Greek tragedy, their choruses now and then sound a personal and visionary note akin to the religious masterpieces of Bach. They contain the profoundest music he ever wrote.



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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

NON-SKID RUGS

A PROBLEM which bothers many people is how to deal with a rug that wrinkles up into small mountain ranges, or everlastingly edges out of position. The remedy is to back the rug with something that is non-skid. Ingenious people have tried all sorts of backing, from special rubberised webbing to patches made from old hot-water bottles. But I have never found anything 100 per cent. successful until I was told about rubberised non-slip netting.

This looks like the kind of canvas you use for rug making, but it is rubberised to give it a grip on the floor surface. I am told that more and more furnishing stores are stocking this netting. The variety I bought is sold in two widths: twenty-seven inches wide, costing 5s. 11d. a yard, and thirty-six inches wide costing 7s. 8d. a yard. (If you buy more than twenty-five yards it costs 8d. a yard less.)

The netting can be sewn loosely on to the back of your rugs, or fixed with adhesive tape or binding. As a matter of fact, I have not sewn or stuck my piece; I have just slipped it between the carpet and the rug, and it stands up to considerable pressure. The rubberising treatment seems to make the netting non-fray as well as non-skid.

RUTH DREW

A NEW PRIMING PAINT

Of all the materials you need to paint the outside of the house, priming paint is often treated as the 'Cinderella'. But if you were to ask me what single factor can contribute most to the success or failure of outside painting, I would most certainly say the priming paint. It is the priming paint that has to hang on to the surface underneath it, summer or winter, until, finally, it is burnt off. And as you do not burn off every time you repaint, this means that the primer usually has to stay on during three or four repaintings. But if the primer does fail, then everything else goes with it, and you have a major repaint on your hands.

Let us run over the usual priming paints. Unfortunately, you cannot choose just one to give first-class results on all the different surfaces involved. For woodwork, the best one would be white-lead paint. For aluminium-alloy

casements you need a zinc-chromate primer, while for iron or steel surfaces, such as casements, hinges or galvanised iron, the best primer would be a red-lead paint. Even so, galvanised iron would either have to be treated with a special solution or be allowed to remain exposed to the weather for a year or so.

But now let us consider calcium-plumbate paints. I think that calcium-plumbate paints come as near as possible to being universal primers. They are tough, and they have good adhesion and flexibility. Above all, you need only one primer for a wide variety of surfaces, in place of three. I am not going to say that they are any better than white-lead paint for woodwork, but they do the job. In fact, on oak sills—and these have always been a problem—they actually give better results.

Calcium-plumbate paints do well on iron and steel surfaces, but they really come into their own on aluminium alloy or galvanised iron. In this case you do not need any special solutions and you do not have to wait for the galvanising to weather off. Incidentally, I should think they would be just as welcome to farmers as they are to the home decorator. If you happen to live by the sea, they stand up well to a salty atmosphere.

DAVID ROE

MOLEQUELA PUDIMPA

The ingredients you will need for four people are:

- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of almonds
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter
- 2 bars of grated chocolate slab
- 4 eggs
- Cream Chantilly

Cream Chantilly is cream beaten up fairly thick with a little sugar and a few drops of vanilla. I use a tumblerful of cream.

First, pour boiling water over the almonds, peel them when cool and pass them through the mincing machine. Dissolve the two bars of grated chocolate in the $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of butter. Next mix in the $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of sugar; add your four yolks (beaten up), and finally add the minced almonds. Having beaten the white of eggs add them to the mixture.

Put all this in a fairly large baking pan, which

you will set in a still larger baking pan containing water (this is to ensure slow thickening) and place in an extremely slow oven. When nicely thickened, take out of the oven, pour into a deep dish and allow it to cool.

In the meantime, make, as I have described, a good Chantilly cream. Just before serving divide the cream into eight portions and distribute it over the chocolate pudding.

JEANNE DE CASALIS

CANNELON OF COLD MEAT

The *cannelon* is a rather different way of serving what is left of Sunday's joint. Mince the meat with 2 ounces of cooked ham or bacon, and 2 ounces of breadcrumbs, salt, and pepper. Add one egg and mix, if necessary adding a little sauce for binding. Form into a roll, using a little flour, wrap in thinly rolled puff or flaky pastry, and bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce, or gravy, and vegetables.

ANNE WILD

A practical and comprehensive *Family Cookery Book* by Elizabeth Craig has been published by Collins at 35s. In 960 pages it contains 4,500 recipes and 200 illustrations. With chapters on the choice of kitchen furniture and equipment, the economical buying of foods, and methods of storage and refrigeration it should prove as useful to beginners as to experienced cooks.

Notes on Contributors

ALISTAIR COOKE (page 226): chief correspondent in the United States of the *Manchester Guardian* since 1948; author of *Letters from America, U.S.A. v. Alger Hiss*, etc.

WILLIAM TEELING (page 229): M.P. (Unionist) for the Pavilion Division of Brighton; traveller, and author of *The Pope in Politics*, etc.

R. W. K. HINTON (page 233): Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge University

BASIL TAYLOR (page 235): art historian and librarian at the Royal College of Art; author of *Animal Painting in England from Barlow to Landseer, Josef Herman*, etc.

P. M. BUTLER (page 237): Reader in Zoology, Royal Holloway College, London University

Crossword No. 1,445.

a, b.

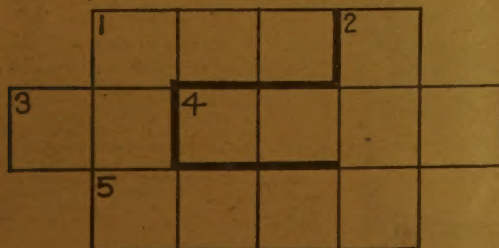
By Jaykay

DOWN

1. $(1a)^2 + 36$
2. $(1b)^2$

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Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 13. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

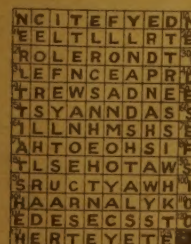


Symbols a and b are the only ones of an 'imaginary' nature associated with the problem, which is consistent with them. They could, perhaps, be more correctly described as 'knowns' rather than 'unknowns'. Additional help of importance is obtained from the knowledge that $ab = ab$. The lights are to be entered normally

CLUES ACROSS

1. $(1a)^2$
3. $6a + 4b - 2$
4. $(a1)^2$
5. $(b1)^2$

Solution of No. 1,443



NOTES

Final sentences: 'He only answers, "Little Florencel Little Florencel" and smooths away the curls that shade her earnest eyes.'

Dombey and Son, Charles Dickens.
'Calyste took his wife's hand and pressed it tenderly.'
Beatrice, Honoré de Balzac.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: A. H. Williams (Darwen); 2nd prize: A. L. Kneen (Heswall); 3rd prize: A. Hull (Woodbridge)

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